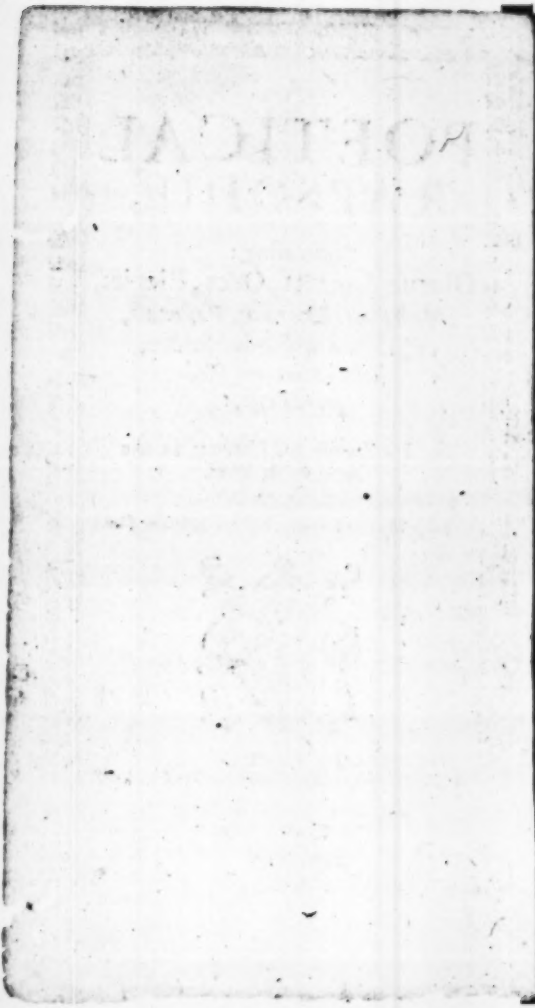
A POETICAL RAPSODIE,

Containing:
Diuerſe Sonnets, Odes, Elegies,
Madrigals, Epigrams, Paſtorals,
Eglogues, with other Poems,
both in Rime and Meaſured Verſe.

For Varietie and Pleaſure, the like neuer yet publiſhed.

The Bee and Spider by a diuerſe power,
Suckt Hony and Poyſon from the ſelfe ſame flower

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Roger Iackſon* dwelling in Fleetſtreet neere the great Conduit. 1608.



To the moſt Noble, Honorable, and worthy Lord, VVilliam Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Marmion, and Saint Quintine.

GReat Earle, whoſe braue Heroike minde is (higher
And nobler, then thy noble high Degree:
Whoſe outward ſhape, though it moſt louely be
Doth in faire Robes a fairer Soule attier:
Who rich in fading wealth, in endleſſe Treaſure
Of Vertue, Valour, Learning, richer art:
Whoſe preſent greatnes, men eſteeme but part
Of what by line of future Hope they meaſure.
Thou worthy Sonne vnto a peereleſſe Mother,
Or Nephew to great *Sidney* of renowne,
Who haſt deſeru'd thy *Coronet*, to crowne
With Lawrel crown: a crown excelling th'other
I Conſecrate theſe Rimes to thy great Name,
Which if thou like, they ſeeke no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON.

To the Reader.

BEING induced by some prime reasons, and by the instant intreatie of speciall friends, to suffer some of my worthlesse poemes to be published, I desired to make some written by my deere friends Anonymoi, and my deerer Brother, to beare them company. Both without their consent, the latter being in the low-Country Warres, and the rest vtterly Ignorant thereof. My friends names I concealed; mine owne, and my Brothers, I wished the Printer to suppresse, as well as I had concealed the other, which he hauing put in without my priuity, wee must now vndergoe a sharper censure perhaps then our namelesse workes should haue done and I especially. For if their Poems be liked, the praise is due to their inuention, if disliked, the blame both by them, and all men, will bee deriued vppon mee, for publishing that which they meant to suppresse.

If thou thinke we affect fame by these kinds of writings, though I thinke them no disparagement euen to the best iudgments, yet I answere in all our behalfes, with the Princely Shepheard Dorus.

Our harts do seeke another estimation.

If thou Condemne Poetrie in generall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine and make men vtterly vnfit, either for more serious studies, or for any actiue course of life, I only say, Iubeo te stultum esse, libē-

ter: *Since experience proues by examples of many, both dead and liuing, that diuerſe delighted, and excelling herein, being Princes or States-men haue gouerned and counſelled as wiſely, being Souldiers, haue commanded armies as fortunately, being Lawyers, haue pleaded as iudicially and eloquently, being Diuines, haue written and taught as profoundly, and being of any other profeſſion, haue diſcharged it as ſufficiently as any other men whatſoeuer: If liking other kindes, thou miſlike the Lyricall, becauſe the chiefeſt ſubiect thereof is Loue; I reply, that Loue being vertuouſly intended, and worthily placed, is the Well-ſpring of wit, and Spurre to all generous actions: and that many excellent ſpirits with great fame of wit, and no ſtaine of iudgment, haue written excellently in this kind, and ſpecially the euer-praiſe worthy* Sidney: *So as if thou will needs make it a fault, for mine owne part,*

Haud timeo, ſi iam nequeo defendere crimen
Tum tanto commune viro.

If any except againſt the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this booke) of diuerſe things written by great and learned Perſonages, with our meane and worthleſſe Scriblings, I vtterly diſclaime it, as being done by the Printer, either to grace the forefront with Sir Philip Sidneys, *and others names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.*

For theſe Poems in particular, I could aledge theſe excuſes; that theſe vnder the name of Anonymos *were*

were written (as appeareth by diuers things to Sir Philip Sidney liuing, and of him dead) almost twenty yeares since, when Poetry was farre from that perfection, to which it hath now attained, that my Brother is by profession a Souldier, and was not 18 yeers olde when he writ these Toyes: that mine owne were made most of them sixe or seaven yeeres since, at idle times as I iourneyed vp and downe during my Trauailes. But to leaue their workes to iustifie themselues or the Authors to iustifie their workes, and to speake of mine owne; thy mislikes I contemne, thy praises (which I neither deserue, nor expect) I esteeme not, as hoping (God willing) ere long to regaine thy good Opinion, if lost, or more deseruedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some grauer worke. Farewell.

FRA: DAVISON.

An alphabeticall Table, of all the Sonnets, Odes, Poems, Madrigals, Epigrams, Elegies, Pastorals, Eglogues, Dialogues, Hymnes, and Epitaphes, with all other the principall matters contained in this present Volume.

A

A Contention betwixt a *Wife*, a *Widow* & a *Maid*. 8
A Fiction how *Cupid* made a *Nimph* wound herselfe. 24
A living Death, *see* Poem 1
Ablence 150 151
Absence & Time *see* Ode 11
Affection *see* Poeme 25
Ajax who killed himselfe, *see* Inscription.
Allegory of his Loue to a ship, *see* Sonnet 3
Allusion to *Theseus* voyage against the *Minotaure* *see* Sonnet. 4
Anacreõs Odes. 178. 179. 180
An answere to what Loue is. 10.
An Inuective against Loue *see* Sonnet 5
Anatomie of Loue *see* Po. 33
Astreas praise with silence, *see* Dialogue. 7

B

Bacheler 2
Beautie causeth Loue, *see* Sonnet. 15
Beggers life praised 182
Belides his Tormenrs. 53
Blankes 7 & 8
Bodkin 7
Bracelets 7
Breake heauy hart *see* Poe. 4
Brutus his inhabiting of this Ile, *see* Poeme 30

C

Cato Vticen, who slew himself *see* Inscription 9
Chaine 7
Childs Epitaphs *see* Epita. 1
Christian Stoike. *see* Po. 34
Clitemnestra to *Orestes*, Inscription. 3
Commendation of Beautie &c. *see* Ode 13
Commendation of verses *see* Sonnet 44
Comparison betwixt the strength of Beast, *see* Ode 1
Cõparison of a Louers hart *see* Sonnet 6
Comparisõ of Loue in Beggers and Kings 182
Comparison to a candle-flie *see* Madrigal 6
Comparison with perfect Loue, *see* Poeme 23
Cõplaint of Loue very wittilie

The Table

ilie 31 & 152
Conceipt *see* Poeme 25
Contention betwixt a *Wife a Widdow* and *a Maid* 8
Contention of Loue & Reason *see* Sonnet 8
Contrarieties of Loue see Poeme. 21
Corinnaes singing see Po. 26
Counterfait answere *see* Ode 26
Country Gentleman 2
Courtier 1
Courtiers Rule *see* Epi. 1
Courtlie life dispraised *see* Pastorall 3
Coyfe and Crosse-cloath 6
Crambo the lowzie shifter *see* Epigram. 5
Cuccolds Epigram *see* Epigram 3
Cuddies Emblems 71
Cuddies Pastorall Eglogue *see* Eglogue. 6
Cupids dialogue with Louer *see* Dialogue 2
Cupid made a Nimph to wound herself. see Egl. 5
Cupids mariage wth Dissimulation, *see* Ode 6
Cupid proued a Fencer *see* Madrigall 3
Cupid shootes light but wound sore *see* Poeme 6
Curtizans Epigram *see* Epigram 4
Cuthinet 7
Cynthia Queene of Fortune 4 & 212

D

Deadly sweetnes *see* Poeme 7
Death in Loue *see* Poe. 10
Death Liuing *see* Poeme 1
Description of Loue, *see* Sonnet 2
Desire 201
Desire and hope *see* Ode 7
Desire hath Conquered Reuenge *see* Sonnet 9
Desires gouernment *see* Poeme 9

Dialogues.

1 Betweene a Louer and his Lady 36 & 200
2 Betweene a Louer and Cupid 50
3 Betwene a Louer, Death and Cupid 49
4 Betweene a Louers flaming Hart and his Ladies frozen Breast 112
5 Betweene the Louer and his Hart. 49 & 123

Be-

6 Betweene the Soule and the Body. 188
7 In praise of *Astrea* 26
Didons Inscription, see Inscription. 4
Discommodities of Loue *see* Sonnet. 20
Disdaine at variance with Desire, *see* Ode. 8
Disdaines Altar and Sacrifice. 177
Disdainfull Loue *see* Ode. 2
Dispraise of a Courtly life, *see* Pastorall 3
Dispraise of Loue and Louers folly. *see* Ode 9
Diuine, 1
Dozen of Points 6
Dyall. 7

E

Eglogues.

1 Betweene a *Shepheard* and a *Heardman* 79
2 Betweene *Eubulus* and *Astrea.* 59
3 Betweene *Strephon and Vrania*, with her answere 57
4 Concerning ould age. 83
5 How *Cupid* made a *Nimph* wound herselfe. 24
6 Of *Cuddy.* 68
7 Vpon the death fyr *Phillip Sidney.* 72

Elegies.

1 Letters in verse. 99
2 Of Discontent. 91
3 Of his Verse. 210
4 Of Womens Inconstancie. 200
5 To his Lady who had vowed virginitie. 126
6 Why he obtaines not his Ladies fauour 113

Epigrams.

1 A Rule for Courtiers 43
2 For a looking Glasse 44
3 On a limping Cuccold 44
4 On a painted Curtizan 43
5 On *Crambo* a lowzie shifter. 44
6 To A. S. 41
7 To all poore Schollers. 41
8 To his friends. 42
9 To Sir *Ph. Sidney.* 184
10 Translations out of Martial. 40
11 *Ad pessimos Coniuges* ! 45
12 *In Asinum* 44
13 *In Aulam.* 43
19 *In Aulum* 45
15 *In Quintum.* 44
16 *In Sabam.* 45

Epitaphes.

1 Vpon the death of a Child. 106

Vpon

The Table.

Vpon the hart of K. H. 7. of *France* and *Poland* 35
Execration of his paſſed Loue, *ſee* Sonnet. 10

F

Fabricius Curio his vertues, *ſee* Inſcription. 5
Face *ſee* Poeme 11 and Reporting Sonnet.
Faire face and hard hart *ſee* Poeme 11
Falling Bande. 6
Fanne 7
Farewell to his vnconſtant Miſ *ſee* Ode. 10
Fiction how a *Nimph* was wounded by *Cupid ſee* Egl. 5
Fortunes wheele. 5

G

Garden *ſee* Poeme 40
Garters 5
Girdle. 6
Glaſſe. 5
Gloues. 6
Guift *ſee* Poeme 28

H

Hand *ſee* Madrigal. 14
Hand-karchef 5
Hexameters to Sir *Philip Sidney*. 184 & 185
His hart arraigned of Theft & acquitted, *ſee* Pome 13
Hopeles Deſire ſoon withers and dyes, *ſee* Poeme 14
Horace immitated. 36

Himnes.

1 In praiſe of Muſick, 191
2 In praiſe of *Neptune*. 197

I

In praiſe of a Beggers life, *ſee* Beggers life.
In praiſe of her Eyes, *ſee* Sonnet. 17
In praiſe of Muſick, *ſee* Hymn. 1
In praiſe of *Neptune ſee* Hym. 2
In praiſe of Sir *Phillip Sidney ſee* Epigram 9
In praiſe of the two Counteſſes of Cumberland and Warwick *ſee* Sonnet 41
In praiſe of the Sunne, *ſee* Poeme. 15

Inſcriptions.

1 Of *Aiax* who kild himſelf 34
2 Of *Cato Vticē* who ſlew himſelfe 35
3 Of *Clitemneſtra* & her Son *Oreſtes* 33
4 Of *Dido*. 117
5 Of *Fabritius Curio* 34
6 Of *Romulus* who was nurſed by a ſhee wolfe. 34
7 Of *Thisbe* 33
Inuectiue againſt his Lady, *ſee* Poeme. 16
Inuectiue againſt Loue *ſee* Poeme 17
Inuectiue againſt women *ſee* Poeme 18

Inuec-

Inuerted Rimes of Loue 28 & 58
Ixion his Torments 53

K

Kerchef *see* Hand-kerchef.
King H. 3. Epitaphs *see* Epi. ph. 2
Kniues 6

L

Lace. 6
Ladies Eyes serue *Cupid* for darts & fire *see* Po. 19
Lawier 1
Lenuoy in Riming Phaleuciacks 146
Looking glasse 5 & 44
Lottery presented before the late Q. 4
Lots 5
Loue eclipsed *see* Son. 2
Loue enters by fame *see* Son. net 46
Loue is deadly sweetnes *see* Poeme 7
Loue like Childrens Phisick *see* Sonnet. 7
Loue punishable with Loue *see* Son. 19
Loue the only price of Loue *see* Poeme 20
Louers Cõplaint *see* Ode 14
Loues allegory to a ship *see* Son. 54
Loues Anatomie *see* Po.
Loues contention *see* So. 8
Loues contrarieties *see* Po. 23
Loues description *see* So. 2
Loues discommodities, *see* Sonnet 20
Loues dispraise and Louers Follie *see* Ode 9
Loues Hyperboles *see* So. 11
Loues Invective *see* Son. 5 & Poeme 17
Loues naturall comparisons *see* Poeme 23
Loues properties *see* Po. 22
Lye, wherein is glaunced some generall vices in sundry states of men 17

M

Madrigals.

1 Allusion vpon the confusion of Babell 103
2 Answere to the question what loue was 109
3 Cupid proued a Fencer. 108
4 For a kisse 94
6 For the Hearts diuision 102

6 He compares himselfe to a Candle fly 109
7 Her outward Iesture deceauing his inward hope 145
8 Her praise is in her waste 145
9 Of a Ladies dreaming that she saw her louer dead, 37
10 Of his loues attire 208
11 Of Loue 37 & 141
12 Taken out of a Greeke Epigram 37
13 To *Cupid* 93
14 To her hand vpon giuing a Gloue 108
15 Verball loue 142
16 Vpon a kisse receiued 94
17 Vpon departure from his Loue 39
18 Vpon her beauty and inconstancie 113
19 Vpon her commending of his Verses 108
20 Vpon her hiding her face from him 113
21 Vpon her long Ablence 113
22 Vpon his Mris. sickenesse and his owne death 93
23 Vpon his impetuous silēce in her presence 110
24 Vpon seeing his face in her eye. 113
Made 3 & 8
Married man 3
Mariners Song and speech 4
Maske 5
Meditation vpon the frailty of this life, *see* Poeme 2
Merchant 3
Musicks praise, *see* Hymne 1

N

Necklace 3
Neptunes praise *see* Hymne 2
Nutmeg 7

O

Odes
1 A comparison 178
2 A defiance to disdainfull loue 174
3 A dialogue betweene him and his hart. 143
4 A Prosopopœia wherein his hart speakes to his Ladies Breast. 105
5 Being in Italie desires her to write vnto him. 101
6 Cupids matiage with Dissimulation. 164
7 Desire and hope 140
8 Disdaine at varience with desire 158
9 Dispraise of Loue and louers Folly 165
10 His Farewell to his vnconstant Mistris 105
11 His Lady condemned of ignorance or cruelty. 120
12 His restlesse estate 55

13 In commendation of her beauty. 107
14 Louers complaint 152
15 Of Absence & Time. 205
16 Of Cynthia. 212
17 Petition for leaue to dye 151
18 That all Creatures haue abiding in heauen, Hell, or in one of the 4 Elements, but Man in all of them. 110
19 That only her beauty and voice please him. 92
20 The more fauour he obtaines, the more he desires 138
21 The Tombe of dead desire. 175
22 To her Eies 138
23 To his Hart 172
24 To his Muse 167
25 Vnhappy Eies 154
26 Vpon a counterfaite Answere 106
27 Vpon her Absence 150
28 Vpon protestation of kinde Affection 95
29 Vpon visiting his Lady by Moone-light 149
30 Where his Lady keepes his Hart 137
Of Absence and Time, see Ode 15
Of Cupid, see Eglogue 5
Of Cynthia, see Ode 16
Of loue matters out of *Anacreon*, *see Anacreon*.

P

Paire of Bracelets 7
Paire of Garters 6
Paire of Gloues 6
Paire of sizzers 7
Paire of writing Tables 7
Palenesse, *see* Poeme 43
Passionate Pris. *see* Po. 35

Pastoralls.

1 Eglogue of *Eubulus* & *Astrea* 59
2 Gratulatorie made by Sir *Ph. Sidney* 20
3 In dispraise of a Courtly life. 22
4 Of Cuddy 68
Petition to haue her leaue to die, *see* Ode 15
Petrarcks descriptiō of loue, *see* Son. 2
Petrarcks Sonnet, *Pace non trouo* &c. *see* Sonnet. 22
Phaleuciacks of Loue. 141 and 146
Phaleuciacks of Wild. 173
Phisitian 2
Picture *see* Son. 25
Plaine ring 5
Pockes, *see* Poeme 46

Poems.

1 A liuing Death 170
2 A Meditation vppon the frailty of this life 187
3 An Inuect against loue. 156

4 Breake

4 Breake heauy Hart 169
5 Care will not let him liue, nor Hope let him die, 163
6 Cupid shootes light, but wound sore 155
7 Deadly sweetnesse 142
8 Death in Loue. 168
9 Debres Gouernment, 169
10 Dispraise of Loue, and Louers folly 165
11 Faire face, and hard hart 157
12 Her outward gesture deceiuing inward Hope. 145
13 His heart arraigned of Theft, and acquitted 140
14 Hopelesse desire soone withers and dies 171
15 In praise of the Sun 166
16 Inuectiue against his Lady 174
17 Inuectiue against Loue, 159
18 Inuectiue against Women 209
19 Ladies Eies, wherefore they serue 143
20 Loue the only price of loue 130
21 Loues contrarieties 143
22 Loues Properties 170
23 Naturall comparisons with perfect Loue. 181
24 Of Bearance and silence 209
25 Of Conceipt, Affection and Desire 201
26 Of Corrinna es singing 199
27 Of his Mistresse Face, 198
28 Of Loue gift 213
29 Of silence 219
30 Of the first inhabiting this Ile by Brute and the Troianes. 160
31 That he is vnchangeable 147
32 That Loue is vnlike in Beggers & in Kings. 182
33 The Anatomy of Loue, *per Ignotum*, 214
34 The Christian Stoick. 71
35 The effects of Absence & presence 151
36 The passionate Prisoner 173
37 The true loue knot 206
38 To her Eies 138
39 To his Eies 148
40 To his La. Garden 203
41 To time 186
42 Vpon beginning without making an end. 183
43 Vpon her Absence. 150
44 Vpon her Paleneſſe. 199
45 Vpon his La: buying of Lute strings. 162
46 Vpon his Ladies sickneſſe of the small Pocks. 203
47 Vpon seeing his face in her Eie, 111

Poſie

The Table.

Poſie of a Ring 5
Prayer Booke 7
Praiſe of a Beggers life, ſee Beggers life.
Praiſe of her Eies, ſee Son. 17
Praiſe of Muſick, ſee Hymn 1
Praiſe of ſir Ph. Sidney, ſee Epigram 9
Praiſe of the 2 Counteſſes of Cumberland & Warwick, ſee Son. 41
Proſopopœia 105
Purſe 5
Quatraine 214

R

Reporting ſonnet of Praiſe 204
Ring plaine 5
Rings poſie 5 & 196
Romulus, who was nurſed by a ſhee wolfe, ſee Inſcrip. 6
Round-lay very pretty in Inuerted Rimes 28

S

Samuel Daniel, Prince of Engliſh Poets 115
Sapphicks vpon the Paſſion of Chriſt 188
Scarffe 6
Sickneſſe, ſee Poeme 46
Sickneſſe and Retoucty, ſee Sonnet 23
Silence ſee Poeme, 29
Siſyphus his Torment 53
Sizzers 7
Smirkin 7
Song in praiſe of a Beggers life 28

Sonnets.

1 A Proſopopœia betweene him & his Lady 10
2 A true deſcription of her 130
3 Allegory of his Loue to 54
4 Alluſiõ to Theſeus his voyage againſt the Minotaure 194
5 An Inuectiue againſt loue 51
6 Compariſon of his Hart, to a tempeſt-beaten ſhip, 126
7 Compared by Childrens Phiſick 207
8 Contention of Loue and Reaſon 121
9 Deſire hath conquered Reuenge 147
10 Execration of his paſſed Loue 55
11 Hee calles his ſences as witneſſes of her vertues, 119
12 Hee demaunds pardon for looking, louing, & writing 118
13 He deſires leaue to write to his loue 124
14 He paints out his Torments 122
15 Her beautie makes him loue

loue euen in despaire 125
6 His sighes and teares are bootelesse 124
7 In praise of her eies 119
8 In protestation of Loue, 208
9 Loue punishable with loue 118
10 Loues discommoditie, 53
11 Loues Hyperboles 51
12 Of Frau. *Petrarcha* 52
13 Of her Sicknes and Recouery 193
14 Of his Ladies eclipsed Loue 196
15 Of his Ladies Picture 195
16 Of his Ladies Weeping, 122
17 Of his owne & his Mrs. sicknesse 193
18 Of singing Loue. 207
19 Of Re-uniting the harte being (by poeticall Fictiō) once seuered 209
30 Of the Moonē 56
31 Of the Sunne 55
32 Of th impossibility to dissemble loue 89
33 Of vnfained Loue 38 & 89
34 That he cannot leaue to loue, though commanded 131
35 That loue made him a Poet 135
36 That shee hath greater power ouer his happinesse and life, then either Fortune, Fate or starrs. 122
37 That time cānot end or diminish Loue, 50
38 To Mistris *Diana* 37
39 To Pitty 92
40 To proue loue 38
41 To the 2. Countesses of Cumberland & Warwick, 212
42 Vpon a gould Rings posie. 196
43 Vpon acknowledgment of desert, reiecting affection, with the Answeres, 104
44 Vpon her commending his verses 108
45 Vpon her looking out of a Window 195
46 Vppon loues entring by Fame 193
47 Vppon loues entring by his Eares 192
48 Vppon presenting of a Newyeares gift 114
49 Vpon the Louers Ablēce from his Ladie 90
50 Vpō the 7 deadly sins 211
51 Wherein the Louer begs but his Ladies hart. 205
52 Why her lips yeeld him no words of comfort. 125
Souldier 2

The Table.

Speech of Graies Inne Maſk preſented before the Q. 90
Stomager 6
Strephons Palinode 57

T

That Time cannot ende or diminiſh loue, *ſee* Son. 37
Ten Sonnets to *Philomel* 192
The helliſh torments of Tantalus *Tityus, Ixion Siſyphus*, and the *Belides* 53
The Lie, *ſee* Lye.
The Lots, *ſee* lots
The Maske, *ſee* maske.
The meane eſtate is beſt 24
The Tombe of dead Deſire *ſee* Ode. 21
Thisbe *ſee* Inſcription 7
Time *ſee* Ode. 15
To her Eies, *ſee* Poeme 38
To his Eies, *ſee* Poeme 39
To his hart, *ſee* Ode 23
To his Ladies Garden, *ſee* Poeme.
To his Muſe, *ſee* Ode
Tongue, *ſee* Reporting So
To time *ſee* Poeme
True loues knot, *ſee* Poem

V

Verball Loue
Vrania her Anſwere

W

Widowe 3
Wiſe
Wiſedom, *ſee* Phaleuc.
Witt *ſee* Reporting Sonn
Womans waighs in Latin & Engliſh.
Womens Harts and Incoſtancie, *ſee* Elegie
Womens Inconſtancie, *ſee* Madrigall.
Womens Inuective, *ſee* P eme
Wonders of the world n ner yet deſcried.

D. P.

Yet other 12. wonders of the world neuer yet publiſhed.

1. *The Courtier.*

LOng haue I lin'd in Court, yet learn'd not all this while.
To ſell poore ſuitors, ſmoke: nor where I hate to ſmile;
Superiors to adore, inferiors to deſpiſe,
To flie from ſuch as fall, to follow ſuch as riſe,
To cloake a poore deſire vnder a rich array,
Nor to aſpire by vice, though t'were the quicker way.

2. *The Diuine.*

My calling is diuine, and I from God am ſent,
I will no chop-church be, nor pay my patron rent,
Nor yeeld to ſacriledge; but like the kind true mother
Rather will looſe all the child, then part it with an other.
Much wealth I will not ſeeke; nor worldly maiſters ſerue,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poore flocke doth ſterue.

3. *The Souldier.*

My occupation is the noble trade of kings,
The triall that decides the higheſt right of things:
Though *Mars* my maiſter be, I do not *Venus* loue,
Nor honour *Bacchus* oft, nor often ſweare by *Ioue*,
Of ſpeaking of my ſelfe I all occaſion ſhunne,
And rather loue to do, then boaſt what *I* haue done.

4. *The Lawyer.*

The Law my calling is, my robe, my tongue, my pen,
Wealth and opinion gaine, and make me iudge of men.
The knowne diſhoneſt cauſe I neuer did defend,
Nor ſpun out ſuites in length, but wiſht and ſought an end.

Nor counſaile did bewray, nor of both parties take,
Nor euer tooke *I* fee for which *I* neuer ſpake.

5 The Phiſitian.

I ſtudy to vphould the ſlipperie ſtate of man,
Who dies, when we haue done the beſt, and all we can.
From practiſe and from bookes I draw my learned skill,
Not from the knowne receipt or *Potheraries* bill.
The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures doth ſee,
What youth and time affects, is oft aſcrib'de to me.

6 The Merchant.

My trade doth euery thing, to euery land ſupply,
Diſcouers vnknowne coſts, ſtrange Countries doth allye
I neuer did foreſtall, I neuer did engroſſe,
Nor cuſtome did withdraw, though I return'd with loſſe.
I thriue by faire exchange, by ſelling and by buying,
And not by *Iewiſh* vſe, reprisall fraud, or lying.

7 The Country-Gentleman.

Though ſtrange outlandiſh ſpirits praiſe, townes & Country ſcome
The country is my home I dwel where I was borne.
There profite and command, with pleaſure *I* pertake,
Yet doe not Haukes and dogs, my ſole companions make.
I rule but not oppreſſe, end quarrels, not maintain,
See townes but dwell not there t'abridge my charge or train.

8 The Batchelor.

How many things as yet are deere alike to me,
The field, the Horſe, the Dog, Loue armes or libertie.
I haue noe wife as yet, whom I may call mine owne,
I haue no children yet, that by my name are knowne.
Yet if I married were, I would not wiſh to thriue,
In that *I* could not tame the veriеſt ſhrew aliue.

9 The

9 *The Married man.*

I only am the man among all married men
That do not wiſh the prieſt to be vnlink'd agen,
And though my ſhoo did wring, *I* would not make my mone
Nor think my neighbors chaunce, more happy then mine
Yet court *I* not my wife, but yeeld obſeruãce due, (owne.
Being neither fond, nor crueſſe, nor iealous, nor vntrue.

10 *The Wife.*

The firſt of all our Sex came from the ſide of man,
I thither am returnd, from whence our ſex began.
I do not viſit oft, nor many, when *I* doo,
I tell my minde to few, and that in counſaile too.
I ſee me not ſick in health, nor ſullen but in ſorrow,
I care for ſomewhat elſe, then what to weare to morrow.

11 *The Widow.*

My dying huſbãd knew, how much his death wold griene me
And therfore left me wealth to comfort and releeue me.
Though I no more will haue, I muſt not loue diſdaine,
Penelope her ſelfe did Sutors entertaine.
And yet to draw on ſuch, as are of beſt eſteeme,
Nor yonger then *I* am, nor richer will *I* ſeeme.

12. *The Maide.*

I Marriage would forſweare, but that *I* heare men tell,
That ſhe that dies a maide, muſt lead an ape in hell.
Therefore if fortune come, I will not mock and play,
Nor drive the bargain on, till it be driuen away.
Titles and lands *I* like, yet rather fancy can,
A man that wanteth gould, then gould that want's a man.

IOHN DAVYS.

A Lotterie presented before the late Queenes Maiestie at the Lord Chancellors house. 1601.

A Marriner with a Box vnder his arme, containing all the seuerall things following, supposed to come from the Carrick, came into the presence singing this Song.

Cynthia Queene of seas and lands,
That fortune euery where commands,
Sent forth Fortune to the sea
To try her fortune euery way.
There did I Fortune meet, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor seruice to the king.

All the Nymphes of *Thetis* traine,
Did *Cynthias* fortune entertaine.
Many a iewell, many a iem,
Was to her fortune brought by them.
Her fortune sped so well, as makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor seruice to the king.

Fortune that it might be seene,
That she did serue a royall Queene,
A franke and royall hand did beare,
And cast her fauors euery where.
Some toyes fell to my share, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor seruice to the king.

And the song ended, he vttered this short speech.

God saue you faire Ladies all: and for my part, if euer I be brought to answer for my sinnes, God forgiue me my sharking and lay Pfurie to my charge. I am a Marriner, and am now come from the sea, where I had the fortune to light vpon these seuerall

Trifles. I muſt confeſſe I came but lightly by them, but I nor ſoo-ner had them, but I made a vow, that as they came to my hands by fortune, ſo I would not part with them but by fortune. To that end I have ever ſince caried theſe lots about me, that if I met with fit company I might deuide my booty among them. And now (I thanke my good fortune) I am lighted into the beſt compa-ny of the world, a company of the faireſt Ladies that ever I ſaw. Come Ladies try your fortunes, and if any light vpon an vn-fortunate blank, let her thinke that fortune doth but mock her in theſe trifles, and meanes to pleaſure her in greater matters.

The lots.

1 *Fortunes wheeles.*

Fortune muſt now no more on triumph ride,
The wheeles are yours that did her chariot guide.

2 *A Purſe.*

You thriue, or would, or may, your lot's a purſe,
Fill it with gould and you are ne're the worſe.

3 *A Maſk.*

Want you a maſk, heere fortune giues you one,
Yet nature giues the roſe, and lylly none.

4 *A Looking Glaſſe.*

Blinde fortune doth not ſee how faire you be,
But giues a glaſſe that you your ſelfe may ſee.

5 *A Hand-cherchef.*

whether you ſeeme to weepe, or weep indeed,
This hand-cherchefe will ſtand you well in ſtead.

6 *A Plaine Ring.*

Fortune doth ſend you, hap it well or ill,
This plaine gold ring to wed you to your will.

7 *a Ring with this Poſy,*
As faithfull as I finde.

Your hand by fortune on this ring doth light,
And yet the words doth hit your humor right.

8 *A Paire of gloues.*

Fortune these gloues to you in challenge send,
For that you loue not fooles that are her friends.

9 *A Dozen of points.*

You are in euery point a louer true,
And therefore Fortune giues the points to you.

10 *A Lace.*

Giue her the lace that loues to bee straight lac'd
So Fortunes litle gift, is aptly plac'd.

11 *A paire of Kniues.*

Fortune doth giue these paire of Knines to you,
To cut the thiid of loue if't be not true.

12 *A Girdle.*

By Fortunes girdle you may happy be,
But they that are lesse happy are more free.

13 *A Paire of writing tables.*

These tables may containe your thoughts in plat,
But write not all that's written in your hart.

14 *A Paire of garters.*

Though you haue Fortunes garters, you must be
More staid and constant in steps then she. your

15 *A Coyfe and Crosse-cloath.*

Frowne in good earnest, or be sicke in iest,
This coyfe and crosse-cloath will become you best.

16 *A Scarfe.*

Take you this scarfe, bind *Cupid* hand and foote
So loue must take you leaue before she shoote.

17 *A falling band.*

Fortune would haue you rise, yet guides your hand,
From other lots to take the falling band.

18 *A stomacher.*

This stomacher is full of windowes wrought,
Yet none through them can see into your thought.

19 *A*

19 *A paire of Sizzers*

Theſe ſizzers doe your huſwifrie bewray,
You loue to worke though you were borne to play.

20 *A Chaine.*

Becauſe you ſcorne loues Captiue to remaine,
Fortune hath ſworne to lead you in a chaine.

21 *A Prayer-booke.*

Your fortune may prooue good another day,
Till fortune come, take you a booke to pray.

22 *A Snuffkin.*

Tis Summer yet a Snuſkin is your lot,
But t'will be winter one day, doubt you not.

23 *A Fanne.*

You loue to ſee, and yet to be vnſeene,
Take you this fan to be your beauties skreene.

24 *A Paire of bracelets.*

Lady your hands are fallen into a ſnare
For Cupids manacles theſe bracelets are.

25 *A bodkin.*

Euen with this bodkin you may liue vnharmed,
Your beautie is with vertue ſo well armed.

26 *A Necklace.*

Fortune giues your faire neck this lace to weare,
God graunt a heauier yoke it neuer beare.

27 *A Cuſhinet.*

To her that litle cares what lot ſhe winnes,
Chaunce giues a litle cuſhinet to ſtick pinnes.

28 *A Dyall.*

The dyal's yours watch time leſt it be loſt,
Yet they moſt looſe it that do watch it moſt.

29 *A Nutmeg with a blanck parchment in it.*

This Nutmeg houlds a blanck but chaunce doth hide it,
Write your owne wiſh and Fortune wil prouide it.

30 *Blanke.*

Wot you not why fortune giues you to no prize
Good faith ſhee ſaw you not, ſhe wants her eyes.

31 *Blanke.*

You are ſo daintie to be pleas'd God wot
Chance knowes not what to giue you for a lot.

32 *Blanke.*

T'is pittie ſuch a hand ſhould draw in vaine
Though it gaine nought yet ſhall it pittie gaine.

33 *Blanke*

Nothing's your lot, that's more then can be tould,
For nothing is more pretious then gould.

34 *Blanke.*

You faine would haue but what, you cannot tell;
In giuing nothing fortune ſerues you well.

FINIS. I. D.

A Contention betwixt a WIFE, a WIDDOWE and a MAIDE.

Wife. WIDDOW well met, whither goe you to day,
Will you not to this ſolemne offring goe?
You know it is ASTREAS holy day,
The Saint to whom all hearts deuotion owe.

Widow Mary what elſe: I purpoſ'd ſo to doe;
Doe you not mark how all the wiues are fine,
And how they haue ſent preſents ready too
To make their offring at ASTREAS ſhrine.

See then the ſhrine and tapers burning bright
Come friend, and let vs firſt our ſelues aduance
Wee know our place and if we haue our right
To all the pariſh we muſt lead the daunce.

But ſoft what means this bould preſumptuous maid

To

To goe before without respect of vs?
Your forwardnes(proud girle)must now, be staid
Where learnd you to neglect your betters thus?

Maide. Elder you are,but not my betters here,
This place to Maides a priuiledge must giue,
The Goddesse being a maid holds maidens deare,
And graunts to them her owne prerogatiue

Besides on all true virgins at their birth
Nature hath set a crowne of excellence,
That all the wiues and widowes of the earth
Should giue them place and doe them reuerence.

Wife. If to be borne a maid be such a grace,
So was I borne and grac't by nature to,
But seeking more perfection to embrace
I did become a Wife as others doe.

Widow. And if the maide and wife such honour haue,
I haue beene both, and hould a third degree:
Most maides are Wardes, and euery wife a slaue,
I haue my liuery sued and I am free.

Maide. That is the fault that you haue maidens binne
And were not constant to continue so:
The fall of Angels did encrease their sinne,
In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

But Wife and Widowe if your wits can make
Your state and persons of more worth then mine
Aduantage to this place I will not take,
I will both place and priuiledge resigne.

Wife. Why marriage is an honourable state,
Widow. And widowhood is a reuerend degree

Maide. But maidenhead that will admit no mate
Like maieſtie it ſelfe muſt ſacred be.

Wife. The wife is miſtreſſe of her family,
Widow Much more the widow for ſhe rules alone:
Maide. But miſtreſſe of mine owne deſires am I,
When you rule others wills and not your owne.

Wife. Only the wife enioyes the vertuous pleaſure,
Widow The widow can abſtaine from pleaſures knowne.
Maide. But th'uncorrupted maide obſernes ſuch meaſure
As being by pleaſures wooed ſhe cares for none.

Wife The wife is like a faire ſupported vine,
Widow. So was the widow but now ſtands alone,
For being growne ſtrong, ſhe needs not to encline.
Maide. Maides like the Earth, ſupported are of none.

Wife. The wife is as a Diamond richly ſet,
Maide. The maide vnſet doth yet more rich appeare,
Wid. The widow a Iewell in the cabinet
which though not worne is ſtill eſteem'd as deare.

Wife. The wife doth loue, and is belou'd againe,
Wid. The widow is awak'te out of that dreame,
Maide. The maides white minde had neuer ſuch a ſtaine.
No paſſion troubles her cleare vertues ſtreame.

Yet if I would be lou'd, lou'd would I be,
Like her, whoſe vertue in the bay is ſeene:
Loue to wife fades with ſatietie,
Where loue neuer enioyed, is euer greene.

Wid. Then what's a virgin but a fruitleſſe bay?
Maide. And whats a widow but a roſe-leſſe bryer?
And what are wiues but woodbindes which decay,

The

The ſtately oakes by which themſelues aſpire,

And what is mariage but a tedious yoake?
Widow. And what virginitie, but ſweet ſelfe loue?
Wife. And what's a widow but an axell broke?
Whoſe one part failing neyther part can moue?

Widow. Wiues are as birds in goulden cages kept:
Wife. Yet in thoſe cages chearefully they ſing.
Widow. Widowes are birds out of thoſe cages lept,
Whoſe ioyfull notes make all the forreſt ring

Maide. But maides are birdes amidſt the woodes ſecure,
Which neuer hand could touch, nor net could take
Nor whiſtle could deceiue nor bait alure,
But free vnto themſelues do muſicke make,

Wife. The wife is as the turtle with her mate,
Widow. The widow as the widow dote alone;
Whoſe truth ſhines moſt in her forſaken ſtate,
Maide. The maides a Phœnix, and is ſtill but one.

Wife. The wife's a ſoule vnto her body tied:
Widow. The widow a ſoule departed into bliſſe,
Maide The maide an Angell which vvas ſtellified,
And now t'as faire a houſe deſcended is.

Wife. Wiues are faire houſes kept and furniſht well,
Widow. widowes ould caſtles void, but full of ſtate,
Maide. But maides are temples vvhere the gods do dvvell,
To vvhom alone, themſelues they dedicate.

But mariage is a priſon during life,
vvhere one vvay out but many entries bee,
Wife. The Nun is kept in cloyſter, not the wife:
Wedlock alone doth make the virgin free.

The

Maide. The maid is euer fresh-like morne in May.
Wife. The wife with all her beames is beautifide,
Like to high noone the glorie of the day.
Widow The widow like a mild sweet euentide.

Wife. An office well supplide is like the wife.
Widow. The widow like a gainfull office voide.
Maide But maides are like contentment in this life,
Which all the world haue sought, but none enioyd.

Go wife to Dunmow, & demand your flitch.
Widow Go gentle maid, go leade the Apes in hel.
Wife. Go widow make some yonger brother rich,
And then take thought and die, and all is well.

Alas poore maid, that hast no helpe nor stay.
Wid. Alas poore wife, that nothing dost possesse:
Maide. Alas poore widow, charity doth say,
Pitie the widow and the fatherlesse.

Wid. But happie widowes haue the world at will.
Wife. But happier wiues, whose ioyes are euer double.
Maide. But happiest maides whose hearts are calme & still,
Who feare, nor hope, nor loue, nor hate doth troble.

Wife. Euery true wife hath an indented hart,
Wherein the couenants of loue are writ,
Whereof her husband keepes the counterpart,
And reads his comforts and his ioyes in it.

Wid. But euery widowes hart is like a booke,
Where her ioyes past imprinted do remaine;
But when her iudgements eye therein doth looke,
She doth not wish they were to come againe.

Maide. But the maides hart a faire white table is,
Spotlesse

Spotleſſe and pure where no impreſſions be,
But the immortall Caracters of bliſſe,
Which only God doth write and Angels ſee.

Wife. But wiues haue children, what a ioy is this?
Widow. Widowes haue children too, but maids haue none.
Maide. No more haue Angels, yet they haue more bliſſe,
Then euer yet to mortall man was knowne.

Wife. The wife is like a faire manured field:
Widow. The widow once was ſuch, but now doth reſt.
Maide. The maid, like Paradice, vndreſt, vntild
Beares crops of natiue vertue in her breſt.

Wife. Who would not die a wife, as *Lucrece* died?
Widow. Or liue a widow as *Penelope?*
Maide. Or be a maid, and ſo be ſtellified,
As all the Vertues, and the Graces be.

Wife. Wiues are warme Clymates well inhabited:
But maides are frozen Zones where none may dwell.
Maide. But faireſt people in the North are bred,
Where Affrica breeds Monſters blacke as hell.

Wife. I haue my husbands honour and his place.
Widow. My husbands fortunes all ſuruiue to me.
Maide. The moone doth borrow light, you borrow grace,
When maides by their owne vertues graced be.

White is my colour, and no hew but this
It will receiue, no tincture can it ſtaine.
Wife My white hath tooke one colour, but it is
An honorable purple died in graine.

Widow. But it hath bene my fortune to renew
My colour twice from that it was before,

But now my black will take no other hewe,
And therfore now I meane to change no more.

Wife. Wiues are faire Apples ſerued in golden diſhes.
Widow. Widows good wine, which time maks better much.
Maide. But Maides are Grapes deſired by many wiſhes,
But that they grow ſo high as none can touch.

Wife. I haue a Daughter equals you my Girle.
Maide. The Daughter doth excell the Mother then,
As pearls are better then the mother of Pearle,
Mayds looſe their value, whē they match with mē

Widow. The man with whō I match'd, his worth was ſuch,
As now I ſcorne a Mayd ſhould be my Peare.
Maide. But I will ſcorne the man you praiſe ſo much,
For Mayds are matchleſſe, & no mate can beare.

Hence is it that the Virgin neuer loues,
Becauſe her like, ſhe finds not any where:
For likeneſſe euermore affection moues,
Therfore the Mayd hath neither loue nor Peare.

Wife. Yet many Virgins maried wiues would be,
Widow. And many a Wife would be a Widow faine.
Maide. There is no Widow but deſires to ſee,
If ſo ſhe might, her mayden daies againe.

Wife There neuer was a Wife that lik'd her lot:
Widow. Nor Widow but was clad in mourning weeds.
Maide. Do what you will, mary, or mary noe,
Both this eſtate and that, repentance breeds.

Wife. But ſhe, that this eſtate and that hath ſeene,
Doth find great odds betweene the Wife & Girle:
Indeed ſhe doth, as much as is betweene

The

The melting Hayleſtone, and the ſollid Pearle.

Wife. If I were Widowe, my merry daies were paſt,
Widow. Nay, then you firſt become ſweete pleaſures gueſt.
For Mayden-head is a continuall faſt,
And Mariage is a continuall feaſt.

Maide. Wedlock indeed hath oft compared bin
To publick Feaſts, where meete a publick rout;
Where they that are without would faine go in,
And they that are within would faine go out.

Or to the Ievvell, which this vertue had,
That men were mad till they might it obtayne,
But when they had it they were wiſe as mad,
Till they were diſpoſeſt of it againe.

Wife. Maydes cannot iudge, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what ioyes in mariage be.
Maide. Yes yes, though bleſſed Saints in heauen do dwell
They do the Soules in Purgatory ſee.

Widow. If euery wife do liue in Purgatory,
Then ſure it is that Widows liue in bliſſe,
And are tranſlated to a ſtate of glory,
But Maids as yet haue not attaind to this.

Mayde. Not Mayds? To ſpotleſſe Mayds this gift is giuen
To liue in incorruption from their birth:
And what is that, but to enherit heauen
Euen while they dwell vpon the ſpotted earth.

The perfectſt of all created things;
The pureſt gould that ſuffers no allay; (ſprings
The ſweeteſt flower that on th'earths boſome
The pearle vnboard, whoſe prize no price can pay

The

The Chriſtall glaſſe that will no venome hold;
The mirror wherein Angels loue to looke;
Dianas bathing fountaine, cleare and cold;
Beauties freſh Roſe, and Vertues liuing booke.

Of loue and fortune both the Miſtreſſe borne;
The ſoueraigne ſpirit that will be thrall to none:
The ſpotleſſe garment that was neuer worne;
The Princely Eagle that ſtill flies alone.

She ſees the world, yet her cleare thought doth take
No ſuch deepe print as to be chang'd thereby;
As when we ſee the burning fire doth make
No ſuch impreſſion as doth burne the eye.

Wife. No more (ſweete Maid) our ſtriſe is at an end;
Ceaſe now, I feare we ſhall transformed be,
To chattering Pies, as they that did contend
To match the Muſes in their harmonie.

Widow. Then let vs yeeld the honor and the place,
And let vs both be ſutors to the maid
That ſince the Goddeſſe giues her ſpeciall grace
By her cleere hands the Offring be conuaid.

Maide. Your ſpeech I doubt hath ſome diſpleaſure mou'd,
Yet let me haue the offring, I will ſee:
I know ſhe hath both Wiues and Widows lou'd,
Though ſhe would neither Wife nor Widow bee.

IOHN DAVYS

The

The Lie.

GOe ſoule the bodies gueſt
vpon a thankleſſe arrant,
Feare not to touch the beſt
the truth ſhall be thy warrant.
Goe ſince I needs muſt die
and giue the world the lie.

Say to the Court it glowes
and ſhines like rotten wood,
Say to the Church it ſhowes
what's good, and doth noe good.
If Church and Court reply
then giue them both the lie.

Tell potentates they liue
acting by others action,
Not loued vnleſſe they giue,
not ſtrong but by affection:
If potentates reply
giue potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
that manage the Eſtate.
Their purpoſe is ambition,
their practiſe only hate,
And if they once reply
then giue them all the lie.

Tell them that braue it moſt,
they beg for more by ſpending
Who in their greateſt coſt
like nothing, but commending.
And if they make reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell zeale it wants deuotion
tell loue it is but luſt,
Tell time it meets but motion
tell fleſh it is but duſt.
And with them not reply
For thou muſt giue the lie.

Tell age it daily waſteth,
tell honor how it alters.
Tel beauty how ſhe blaſteth
tell fauour how it falters
And as they ſhall reply,
giue euery one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nyceneſſe,
Tell wiſedome ſhe entangles
her ſelfe in ouer wiſeneſſe.
And when they do reply
ſtraight giue them both the lie.

Tell Phiſick of her boldnes,
tel skill it is preuention
Tel charity of coldnes,
tell Law it is contention,
And as they doe reply
ſo giue them ſtill the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindneſſe,
tel nature of decay,
Tel friendſhip of vnkindneſſe,
tel Iuſtice of delay.
And if they wil reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell

Tell Arts they haue no ſoundnes,
but vary by eſteeming,
Tel ſchooles they want profoundnes
and ſtand to much on ſeeming.
If Arts and Schooles reply,
giue arts and ſchooles the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the Citie,
tell how the country erreth
Tel manhood ſhakes of pitty
tel vertue leaſt preferred,
And if they doe reply,
ſpare not to giue the lie.

So when thou haſt as I,
commanded thee, done blabbing,
Becauſe to giue the lie,
deſerues no leſſe then ſtabbing,
Stab at thee, he that will,
no ſtab thy ſoule can kill.

Through

Two Paſtorals, made by Sir Philip Sidney.

Vpon his meeting with his two worthy Friends and fellow Poets Sir Edward Dier, and M. Fulke Greuill.

IOyne Mates in mirth to me,
Graunt pleaſure to our meeting:
Let *Pan* our good God ſee,
How gratefull is our greeting.
Ioyne harts and hands, ſo let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye Hymnes, and ſinging skill
Of God *Apolloes* giuing,
Be preſt our reeds to fill,
With ſound of muſicke liuing.
Ioyne harts and hands, &c.

Sweete *Orpheus* Harpe, whoſe ſound
The ſtedfaſt mountains moued,
Let here thy skill abound,
To ioyne ſweete friends beloued.
Ioyne harts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
A happie bleſſed Trinitie;
As three moſt ioyntly ſet,
In firmeſt band of Vnitie.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E.D, F.G, P.S.
The number beſt beloued,
Within my heart you be

In

In friendſhip vnremoued.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue you flocks to range,
Let vs the while be playing,
Within the Elmy grange,
Your flocks will not be ſtraying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Cauſe all the mirth you can,
Since I am now come hether,
Who neuer ioy but when
I am with you together.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Like louers doe their loue,
So ioy I, in you ſeeing:
Let nothing me remoue
From alwaies with you beeing.
Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the Turtle-Doue
To mate with whome he liueth,
Such comfort, feruent loue
Of you, to my hart giueth.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
Let them be ne're a ſunder,
But linkt in binding bands
By metamorphoz'd wonder.
So ſhould our ſeuered bodies three
As one for euer ioyned bee.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

Diſ-

Diſpraiſe of a Courtly life.

VValking in bright *Phœbus* blaze
Where with heate oppreſt I was,
I got to a ſhady wood,
Where greene leaues did newly bud.
And of graſſe was plenty dwelling,
Deckt with pide flowers ſweetly ſmelling.

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholy ſet:
Rewing change of wonted ſtate,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepheards God retaining
Now in ſeruile Court remayning.

There he wandring malecontent,
Vp and downe perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake vnto a ſenceleſſe tree,
One among the reſt electing
Theſe ſame words, or this effecting.

My old mates I grieue to ſee,
Voyde of me in field to be,
Where we once our louely ſheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each others friendſhip prouing,
Neuer ſtriuing, but in louing.

But may Loue abiding be
In poore ſhepheards baſe degree?
It belongs to ſuch alone
To whome arte of Loue is knowne:
Seely ſhepheards are not witting
What in art of Loue is fitting.

Nay,

Nay, what neede the Art to those,
To whom we our loue disclose?
It is to be vsed then,
When we doe but flatter men:
Friendship true in heart assured,
Is by natures gifts procured.

Therefore shepheards wanting skill,
Can Loues duties best fulfill.
Since they know not how to faine,
Nor with Loue to cloake Disdaine,
Like the wiser sorte, whose learning,
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vndershade
Oten Reeds me musicke made,
Striuing with my mates in Song,
Mixing mirth our Songs among,
Greater was that shepheards treasure,
Then this false, fine, Courtly pleasure.

Where, how many Creatures be,
So many paste in minde I see,
Like to *Iunoes* birds of pride,
Scarce each other can abide,
Friends like to black Swannes appearing,
Sooner these than those in hearing.

Therefore *Pan*, if thou mayst be
Made to listen vnto me,
Grant I say (if seely man
May make treaty to God *Pan*)
That I, without thy denying,
May be still to thee relying.

Only for my two loues sake, *Sir Ed. D. and M. F. C.*

In

All whole loue I pleaſure take,
Only two do me delight
With their euer-pleaſing ſight,
Of all men to thee remaining,
Grant me with thoſe two remaining.

So ſhall I to thee alwaies,
With my reedes, ſound mighty praiſe,
And firſt Lambe that ſhall befall,
Yearely deck thine Altar ſhall,
If it pleaſe thee be reflected,
And I from thee not reiected.

So I left him in that place,
Taking pitie on his caſe,
Learning this among the reſt
That the meane eſtate is beſt,
Better filled with contenting
Voyde of wiſhing and repenting.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

A

Fiction how Cupid *made a Nymph wound her ſelfe with his Arrowes.*

IT chaunſt of late a Shepheards ſwaine,
That went to ſeeke a ſtraied ſheepe,
Within a thicket on the plaine,
Eſpide a daintie *Nymph* aſleepe.

Her goulden Haire ore-ſpread her face,
Her careleſſe armes abroad were caſt,
Her Quiuer had her pillowes place,
Her breaſt lay bare to euery blaſt.

The Shepheard ſtood and gaz'd his fill,

Nought

Nought durſt he doe, nought durſt he ſay,
When Chance or elſe perhaps his Will,
Did guide the God of loue that way.

The crafty boy that ſees her ſleep,
Whom if ſhe wak'te, he durſt not ſee,
Behind her cloſely ſeekes to creepe,
Before her nap ſhould ended be.

There come, he ſteales her ſhaftes away,
And puts his owne into their place,
Ne dares he any longer ſtay,
But ere ſhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, when ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepheard ſtanding by;
Her bended Bowe in haſt ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwaine let fly.

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierſt his hart,
That to the ground he fell with paine:
Yet vp againe forthwith he ſtart,
And to the Nymph hee ran amaine.

Amaz'd to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
He ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vaine,
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Loue yeeldeth ſtrength in midſt of paine.

Her angry eies are great with teares.
She blames her hands, ſhe blames her skill;
The bluntneſſe of her Shafts ſhe feares,
And try them on her ſelfe ſhe will.

Take heed, ſweet Nymph, try not thy ſhaft,
Each little touch will prick the hart,

Alas, thou knowest not *Cupids* craft,
Reuenge is ioy, the End is smart.

Yet try she will, and prick some bare,
Her hands were glou'd, and next to hand
Was that faire Breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepheard senceless stand:

That breast she prickt, and through that breast
Loue finds an entry to her hart:
At feeling of this new-come Guest,
Lord how the gentle Nimph doth start!

She rünnes not now, she shootes no more,
Away she throwes both shafts and bowe,
She seeks for that she shun'd before,
She thinks the Shepheards haste too slowe.

Though mountaines meete not, Louers may:
So others doe, and so doe they.
The God of Loue sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

A Dialogue betweene two shepheards, Thenot, *and* Piers, *in praise of* Astrea.

Then. I Sing diuine *Astreas* praise,
O Muses! helpe my wits to raise,
And heaue my Verses higher.

Piers. Thou needst the truth, but plainly tell,
Which much *I* doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a lier.

Then. If in my Song no more I show,
Than Heauen, and Earth, & Sea do know,
Then truly I haue spoken.

Piers

Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no lesse, the like, the same,
Else lawes of truth be broken.

Them. Then say, she is so good, so faire,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not *Momus* selfe denying.

Piers. Compare may think where likenes hol
Nought like to her the earth enfolds,
I lookt to find you lying.

Them. *Astrea* sees with wisedoms sight,
Astrea works by Vertues might,

Piers. And ioyntly both do stay in her.
Nay take from them, her hand, her mir
The one is lame, the other blinde,
Shall still your lying staine her?

Them. Soone as *Astrea* shewes her face,
Straight every ill auoids the place,

Piers. And every good aboundeth.
Nay long before her face doth showe,
The last doth come, the first doth goe,
How lowde this lie resoundeth.

Them. *Astrea* is our cheefest ioy,
Our cheefest guarde against annoy,

Piers. Our cheefest wealth, our treasure.
Where cheefest are, there others be,
To vs none else but only shee;
When wilt thou speake in measure?

Them. *Astrea* may be iustly sayd,
A field in flowry Roabe arrayd,
In Season freshly springing.

Piers. That spring indures but shortest time,

This never leaues *Astreas* clime,
thou lieſt, in ſtead of ſinging.

Them. As heauenly light that guides the day,
Right ſo doth ſhine each louely Ray,
that from *Astrea* flyeth.

Piers. Nay, darkneſſe oft that light in clouds,
Astreas beames no darkneſſe ſhrowdes;
How lowdly *Themot* lyeth!

Them. *Astrea* rightly terme I may,
A manly Palme, a Maiden Bay,
Her verdure neuer dying.

Piers. Palme oft is crooked, Bay is lowe,
She ſtill vpright, ſtill high doth grow,
Good *Themot* leaue thy lying?

Them. Then *Piers*, of friendſhip tell me why,
My meaning true, my words ſhould ly,
And ſtriue in vaine to raiſe her?

Piers. Words from conceit do only riſe
Aboue conceit her honour flies;
But ſilence, nought can praiſe her.

Mary Counteſſe of Pembroke.

A Roun-de-lay in inuerted Rimes, betweene the two friendly Riuals, Strephon *and* Klaius, *in the preſence of* Vrania, *Miſtreſſe to them both.*

Strephon.

O Whither ſhall I turne me,
From thine eies ſight,
Whoſe ſparkling light
With quenchles flames, preſent, & abſent burne me?

For

For I burne when as I view them,
And I burne when I eſchew them.

Klaius.

Since *I* cannot eſchew them,
But that their light
Is in my ſight,
Both when *I* view them not, and when *I* view the,
Ere their flames will ceaſe to burne me,
From my ſelfe, my ſelfe muſt turne me.

Strephon.

When none are preſent by you,
I feele their might,
And your eies bright
Appeare more glorious, others being nie you.
So alone, or elſe compared,
Wretch, *I* am by them inſnared.

Klaius.

Since that *I* am inſnared
By your eies bright,
And feele their might:
Whether alone they be, or elſe compared,
Whereſoeuer I am nie you,
Loue *I* muſt, if *I* be by you.

Strephon.

When you looke kindly on me,
They loue incite,
And ſpite of Spite
I loue them likewiſe, when you frowne vpon me.
So, how e're your lookes are framed,
By your lookes *I* am inflamed.

Klaius.

Klaius.

Since that *I* am inflamed,
Een by their spite;
And they incite
Soul-warming flames whē they are mildly framed,
How so e're you looke vpon me,
Loue I must, if you looke on me.

Strephon.

O when shall *I* them banish,
Since against right,
Nor day nor night,
Though absent from me, from me they do vanish?
So no respite time doth grant me,
But incessantly they haunt me.

Klaius.

Since they (alas) do haunt me
Both day and night,
And wonted right,
Obtain'd by absence, absence doth not grant me?
Night and day may sooner vanish,
Then from me I can them banish.

Strephon.

They, when the Day doth leaue me,
Lodge in my spirite;
And of their sight,
No sight by day discerned can bereaue me.
So, nor day ought elle reuealeth,
Nor the Night the same concealeth.

Klaius.

Since Day, like night concealeth
Each other sight,
And to my spirite
Concealing Darknesse, them like Day reuealeth.
Time of time must quite bereaue me,
E're your lookes sweete lookes, will leaue me.

Walter Dauison.

A Com-

A Complaint

Of which all the ſtaues end with the *words of the firſt, like a* Seſtine.

1

YE ghaſtly groues, that heare my wofull cries
Whoſe ſhady leaues do ſhake to heare my paine
Thou ſiluer ſtreame that doſt with teares lament
The cruell chance that doth my greefe increaſe:
Ye chirping birds whoſe cheereles notes declare
That ye bewaile the woes *I* feele in minde,
Beare witneſſe how with care *I* do conſume,
And heare the cauſe why thus I pine away.

2

Loue is the cauſe that makes me pine away,
And makes you heare the Eccho of my cries
Through griefes encreaſe: And though the cauſe of paine
which doth enforce me ſtill thus to lament
Proceed from loue, and though my paine encreaſe
By dayly cries which doe that paine declare,
And witneſſe are of my afflicted minde,
Yet cry I will, till crying me conſume.

3

For as the fire the ſtubble doth conſume,
And as the winde doth driue the duſt away,
So penſiue hearts are ſpent with dolefull cries,
And cares diſtract the minde with pinching paine.
But all in vaine I do my cares lament,
My ſorrow doth by ſobs, ſighs, teares, encreaſe:
Though ſobs, ſighes, teares, my torments doe declare,
Sobs, ſighes, nor teares moue not her flintie minde.

4

I am cast out of her vngratefull minde
And she hath sworne I shall in vaine consume,
My wearie daies my life must wast away,
Consum'd with paine, and worne with restles cries,
So *Philomele* too much oppresst with paine
By his misdeed that cauleth her lament,
Doth day and night her mournfull layes encrease,
And to the Woods her sorrowes doth declare.

5

Some ease it is, hid sorrowes to declare,
But too small ease to such a grieued minde,
Which by repeating woes doth more consume:
To end which woes I find at all no way,
(A simple salue to cure so great a paine)
But to deaths deafened eares to bend my cries.
Come then ye ghastly owles help me lament,
And as my cryes, so let your shrikes encrease.

6

For as your shrikes (the tunes of death) encrease
When sun is set and shaddowes do declare.
The nights approach, so I from my darke minde
Since my bright Sun is fled, in cries consume,
My night of woes, and though you flie away
Soone as the day returnes and cease your cries,
Yet *I* by day find no release of paine,
But day and night so foule a change lament.

7

But while I thus to senseles things lament
Ruth of my case in them thereby d'encrease
Which she feeles not, with scoffs she doth declare
My pangs to him, who first her wanton minde
From me did win: Since when I still consume
Like wax gainst fire, like snow that melts away
Before the sun: Thus thus, with mournful cries
I lyuing die, and dying, liue in paine.

And now adiew delight, and farewell paine
Adiew vaine hope I ſhall no more lament
Her fained faith which did my woes encreaſe,
And yee to, whom my greefes I thus declare,
Yee which haue heard the ſecrets of my minde,
And ſeing then my lingring life in paine conſume,
GROVE, BROOK, and BIRDS adiew, now hence away,
By death *I* will, and ceaſe my deadly cries.

F.D *A.W.*

Inſcriptions.

Tibbe.

YEe wofull Sires, whoſe cauſles hate hath bread
Greefe to your ſelues, death to my loue and me,
Let vs not bee diſ-ioind when wee are dead,
Though we aliue con-ioind could neuer bee.
Though cruell ſtarres deuide vs two one bed
Yet in one tombe vs two entombed ſee.
Like as the dart was one, and one the knife
That did begin our loue and end our life.

CLYTEMNESTRA TO Her Son ORESTES, comming to kill her for murthering his Father AGAMEMNON.

HOLD, hold thy hand, vile ſon of viler mother,
Death I deſerue but ô not by thy knife,
One parent to reuenge wilt thou kill the other,
And giue her death that gaue thee (wretch) thy life.
Furies will plague thy murther execrable,
Stages will play thee, and all mothers curſe thee.
To wound this wombe or breſt how art thou able,
When the one did beare thee, and the other nurſe thee?

AIAX.

THis sword is mine, or will LAERTES Sonne
Winn this as hee ACHILLES armor wonne?
This sword which you ô *Greeks* oft bath'd haue known
In *Troian* bloud, Ile now bath in mine owne.
This feare- lesse breast which all mine enemies fierce
Haue left vnpierst, now I my selfe will pierce.
So men shall say, *Aiax* to none did yeeld
But t'*Aiax* selfe, & *Aiax Aiax* kild.

ROMVLVS.

NO common wombe was fit mee forth to bring,
But a pure virgin Priest, child to a King.
No mortall father worthie was to breed mee,
Nor humane milke was fierce enough to feed me,
Therfore the God of Warre by wonder bred mee,
And a shee-wolfe by no lesse wonder fed mee.
In fine, the Gods because earth was too base
T'entombe me dead, did me in heaven place.

FABRITIVS CVRIO, WHO refused gould of the Samnytes, & discored to King Pirrhus his Phisition that *offered to poyson him.*

MY famous Country vallues gould farre lesse,
Then Conquest braue of such as gould possesse.
To be o'recome with wealth I doe not vse,
And to o'recome with poyson I refuse.
No hand loues more then mine to giue to many,
No hart hates more then mine to take of any.
With so firme-steele vertue my mind hath armed,
That not by gould, nor yron it can be harmed.

Cato

CATO VTICEN, who ſlew himſelfe becauſe he would not fall into *Cæſars* hands.

CAESAR, thou haſt o'recome to thy great fame
Proud *Germanes*, valient *Gaules*, and *Brittans* rude.
Romes libertie (but to thine eternall ſhame)
And her great Champion thou haſt eke ſubdu'de.
Yet neither ſhall thy triumphes with my name,
Be grac't, nor ſword be with my bloud imbrude.
Though all the conquer'd Earth do now ſerue thee,
Cato will dye vnconquered, and free.

An Epitaph vpon the hart of HENRY the third, late King of France & Poland: ſlayne 1589 by a *Iacobine Fryer.*

Vpon the Tombe of his hart in the Church of Saint *Clou.* neare *Paris*; adioyning the houſe where he was ſlaine.

ADST A Viator & dole Regum vicem,
Cor Regis iſte conditum eſt ſub marmore
Qui iura Gallis, iura Sarmatis dedit.
Tellus Cucullo hunc ſuſtulit Sicarium;
Abi Viator, & dole Regum vicem.

Thus Paraphraſtically Engliſhed.

WHither thy choyce, or chance thee hither brings
Stay Paſſenger, and waile the hap of Kings.
This liule ſtone, a great Kings hart doth hould,
That rul'd the fickle French, and Polackes bould
Whom with a mightie warlike hoſt attended
With trayterous knife, a couled monſter ended:
So fraile are euen the higheſt earthly things,
Goe paſſenger: and waile the hap of Kings.

F. D.

A Dia-

A Dialogue in Imitation of that betweene HORACE, and LIDIA, beginning *Donec gratus eram tibi &c.*

1 *Lover.*

WHile thou diddest loue me & that neck of thine
More sweet, white, soft, thē roses, siluer, downe,
Did weare a neck-lace of no armes but mine,
I enuide not the King of *Spaine* his crowne.

2 *Lady*

While of thy hart I was sole Soueraigne,
And thou didst sing none but MELLINAES name,
Whom for browne CLOE thou dost now disdaine
enuide not the Queene of Englands fame.

3 *Lover.*

Though CLOE, be lesse fayre, she is more kinde,
Her gracefull dauncing so doth please mine eye,
And through mine eares her voyce so charmes my minde
That so deare she may liue *I*le willing die.

4 *Lady*

Though CRISPVS cannot sing my praise in verse,
I loue him so for skill in Tilting showne,
And gracefull managing of Coursiers fierce:
That his deare life to saue, ile lose mine owne.

5 *Lover.*

What if *I* sue to thee againe for grace,
And sing thy prayses sweeter then before,
If I out of my hart blot Cloes face,
Wilt thou loue me againe, loue him no more?

6 *Lady.*

Though he be fairer then the Morning starre,
Though lighter then the floting Corke thou be,
And then the *Irish* Sea more angry farre,
With thee *I* with to liue, and dye with thee.

Madri-

Madrigall.

Though you be not content
That *I* (poore worme should loue you,
As *Cupids* power, and your sweete beauty cause me,
Yet (deere) let pitty moue you
to giue me your consent.
To loue my life, as law of Nature drawes me,
And if my life *I* loue, then must *I* too
Loue your sweete selfe, for my life liues in you.

Madrigall

Borrowed out of a Greeke Epigram.

Hee's rich enough whose Eyes behold thee,
Who heares thee sing a Monarch is:
A Demy-God who doth thee kisse,
And loue himselfe whose armes infold thee.

Madrigall.

Vpon her dreaming that she saw him dead.

O fayre, yet murdring eies,
Starres of my miseries,
Who while Night clouds your beames,
How much you wish my death show in your dreames:
Is't not enough that waking you do spill me,
But you a sleepe must kill me?
O kill me still while you your sleepe are taking
So you lend me kind lookes while you are waking.

The sound of thy sweete name, my dearest treasure,
Delights me more then sight of other faces,
A glympse of thy sweete face breeds me more pleasure,
Then any others kindest words and graces.

One gratious word that from thy lips proceedeth,
I value more then others Doue-like kisses:
And thy chast kisse in my conceipt exceedeth,
Others embraces, and loues cheefest blisses.

Sonnet

Sonnet.

When traytrous *Photine*, *Ceſar* did preſent
With his great Riuals honourable head,
Hee taught his eyes a ſtreame of teares to ſhed
Hiding in his falſe heart his true content.

And *Hannibal* when Fortunes ballance light,
Raiz'd low-brought *Rome* and ſwai'd proud *Carthage*
While all but he, bewai'd their yeelding towne, (downe,
He laugh't to eaſe his ſwelling harts deſpight.

Thus cunning minds can maſk with diuerſe art,
Griefe vnder fained ſmiles, Ioy vnder teares.
Like *Hannibal* I cannot hide my feares
Setting cleare lookes vpon a cloudy hart.
But let mee ioyes enioy, Deer, you ſhall try
Ceſar hid not his ioyes ſo well as I.

Sonnet.

While Loue in you did liue, I onely liu'd in you,
While you for me did burne, for you alone I burned,
While you did ſigh for me, for you I ſigh't and mourned,
Till you prou'de falſe to me, to you I was moſt true.
But ſince Loue died in you, in you I liue no more,
Your hart a Seruant new, mine a new Saint enioyeth:
My ſight offéds your eies, mine eies your ſight annoyeth
Since you held me in ſcorne, by you I ſet no ſtore,
Yet if dead Loue, if your late flames returne,
If you lamét your change, & count me your ſole treaſure
My loue more freſh ſhall ſpring, my flame more bright
(ſhall burne:
Ile loue none elſe but you, & Loue you without meaſure,
If not (Vntrue) farewell, in ſand Ile ſowe no graine,
Nor plant my Loue but where loue yeelds me loue againe.

To Mr.

To Mistresse DIANA.

Phœbus of all the Gods I wish to bee:
Not of the World to haue the ouerseeing
For of all things in the Worlds circuit being,
One only thing I alwaies wish to see.
Not of all hearbes the hidden force to know,
For ah my wound by hearbes cannot be cured:
Not in the Sky to haue a place assured,
For my ambition lies on Earth belowe.
Not to bee Prince of the Celestiall quire,
For I one Nymph prize more then all the Muses
Not with his bow to offer Loue abuses
For I Loues Vassall am, and dread his yre.
But that thy light from mine, might borrow'd be,
And faire *Diana* might shine vnder me.

Vpon his departure.

Madrigal.

SVre (Deere) I loue you not: for he that loueth
When hee from her doth part
That's Mistres of his hart,
A deadly paine, a hellish torment proueth.
But when sad Fates did seuer
Me farre from seeing you I would see euer,
I felt in my absenting,
No paine, nor no tormenting.
For sence of paine how could he finde,
That left his hart and soule behinde.

Epigrams

Epigrams tranſlated out of Martiall.

Ad Æliam. 76. l. 1.

Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Æliа, dentes
Expuit vna duos tuſſis, & vna duos.
Iam ſecura potes totis tuſſire diebus
Nil iſtinc quod agat territa tuſſis habet.

Foure teeth of late you had, both black and ſhaking,
Which durſt not chew your meate for feare of aking.
But ſince your Cough, (without a Barbers ayde)
Hath blowne them out, you need not be afrayd.
On either ſide to chew hard cruſts, for ſure
Now from the Tooth-ache you liue moſt ſecure.

In herm. 15. l. 2.

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas
Humane facis, hermæ, non ſuperbe.

A Monſieur Naſo, verolé.

NASO let none drinke in his glaſſe but he,
Think you tis curious pride? 'tis curteſie.

De Manuella. 51. l. 1.

Os & libra tibi lingit, Manuella, catellus,
Non miror merdas ſi libet eſſe cani.

I muſe not that your Dog turds oft doth eate,
To'a tung that licks your lips, a turd's ſweete meate.

De Milone.

MILO domi non eſt, peregre Milone profecto
Arua vacant; Vxor non minus inde parit.
Cur ſit ager ſterilis, cur vxor lactitet edam,
Quo fœdatur ager non habet, et vxor habet.

Milo

MILO liues long in France, and while he's there,
his ground beares nought, his wife doth children beare.
Why should th'one barren, th'other fertile be?
His ground lackes plowing vp, so doth not shee.

De Codro. Li. 15. 3.

Plus credit nemo, quam tota Codrus in vrbe,
Cum sit tam pauper quomodo? cæcus amat.

CODRVS although but of a meane estate,
Trusts more then any Merchant in the citie,
For being old and blind, he hath of late,
Married a wife, yong, wanton, faire, and wittie.

Ad Quintum. 117. L. 5.

Quæ legis casta nuptæ tibi Lalia, Quinte
Vxorem hanc poteris dicere legitimam.

THy lawfull wife faire Lælia needs must bee,
For she was forst by lawe to marrie thee.

Nil mihi das vinum, dicis post fata daturum,
Si non es stultus, scis Maro quid cupiam.

To A. S.

RIch Chremes while he liues will nought bestow,
On his poore Heires, but all at his last day.
If he be halfe as wise as rich I trow,
He thinks that for his life they seldome pray.

Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi diuitibus.

To all poore fellowes

FAile yee of wealth, of wealth ye still will faile,
None but fat sowes are now greaz'd in the taile.

In

In Cinnam. 42. L. 7.

Primum est vt præstes, si quid te, Cinna rogabo,
Illud deinde sequens, vt cito, Cinna, neges.
Diligo præstantem, non odi, Cinna, negantem,
Sed tu nec præstas, nec cito, Cinna, negas.

To his frinds.

MY iust demands soone graunt or soone deny,
Th'one frendship showes, and th'other curtesie,
But who nor soon doth graunt, nor soone say noe,
Doth not true frendship, nor good manners know.

In Cinnam. 107. L. 5.

Esse nihil dicis, quicquid petis, improbe Cinna,
Si nil Cinna petis, nil tibi Cinna nego.

WHat so'ere you coggingly require,
T'is nothing (Cinna) still you cry:
Then Cinna you haue your desire,
If you aske nought, nought I deny.

De Philone. 48. L. 5.

Nunquam se cænasse domi Philo iurat, & hoc est,
Non cænat quoties nemo vocauit eum.

Philo sweares he ne're eates at home a nightes:
He meanes, he fasts when no man him inuites.

12. L. 12.

YOu promise mountaines still to mee,
When ouer-night stark-drunk you bee.
But nothing you performe next day,
Hence foorth bee morning drunk, I pray.

Ad Pessimos Coniuges. 35. L. 8.

Cur sitis similes, parisque vitæ
Vxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror non bene conuenire vobis.

WHy doe your wife and you ſo ill agree,
Since you in manners ſo well matched be?
Thou brazen-fac'd, ſhe impudently bould,
Thou ſtill doſt brawle, ſhe euermore doth ſcould,
Thou ſeldome ſober art, ſhe often drunk,
Thou a whore hunting knaue, ſhe a knowne Punck,
Both of you filch, both ſweare, and damne, and lie,
And both take pawnes, and *Iewiſh* vſurie.
Not manners like make man and wife agree,
Their manners muſt both like and vertuous bee.

Epigrams.

A Rule for Courtiers.

HEe that will thriue in Court muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blinde and deafe and dombe.

On a painted Curtizan.

WHoſoeuer ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth ieſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beautie that ſelles all the reſt.

In Aulam.

HEr Sons rich *Aula* tearmes her Leachers all,
Whom other Dames loues, friends, and ſeruants call.
And ſure me thinks her wit,
Giues them a name more fit.
For if all mothers then their ſons do call
Whom they haue only borne 9 months in all,
May ſhe not call them ſons with better reaſon,
Whom ſhe hath borne 9 times as long a ſeaſon.

For

For a Looking glasse.

IF thou be faire, thy beauties beautifie,
With vertuous deeds and manners answerable.:
If thou be foule, thy beauties want supply,
With a faire minde and actions commendable.

In Asinum.

THou still wert wont in earnest or in iest,
To praise an Asse as a most worthie best.
Now like an Asse thy self thou still commendest,
Whatsere thou speakst with thine owne praise thou ende
Oh I perceiue thou praisest lernedly,
An Asse in *Thesi* and *Hypothesi*.

On a Limping Cuccold.

THou euermore dost ancient Poets blame,
For faining VENVS wife to VVLCAN lame.
I blame the starres and *Hymen* to that gaue
A faire straight wife to thee a foule lame knaue,
And nought doth ease my griefe but only this,
Thy VENVS now hath got a MARS to kisse.

On Crambo a lowzie shifter.

BY want of shift since lice at first are bred,
And after by the same encreast and fed.
Crambo I muse how you haue lice so many,
Since all men know you shift as much as any.

In Quintum.

QUintus is burnt and may thereof be glad,
For being poore he hath a good pretence,
At euery Church to craue benevolence
For one that had by fire lost all he had.

In Sabam.

WHy will not Saba in a glaſſe behold
Her face, ſince ſhe grew wrinkled, pale and old?
Doubtles I think ſhee doubts that ougly ſight
Her Cow-yard IO would herſelfe affright.

In Aulum.

VLVS giues nought, men ſay, though much he craue,
Yet I can tell to whom the pox he gaue.

F. D.

TEN
SONNETS.

By

T. W.

A Dialogue betweene the *Louer and his heart.*

L. SPeake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
H. With her whose birth the heauens thēselues haue blest.
L. What dost thou there? H. Somtimes behold her face,
And lodge somtimes within her christall breast.
L. She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?
H. Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.

L. With her wilt thou remaine, and let me die?
H. If I returne, we both shall die for greefe.
L. If still thou stay, what shall I get thereby?
H. Ile mooue her heart to purchase thy releefe.
L. What if her heart be hard and stop his eares
H. Ile sigh aloud, and make him soft with teares.

L. If that preuaile wilt thou returne from thence?
H. Not I alone my heart shall come with me.
L. Then will you both liue vnder my defence?
H. So long as life will let vs both agree.
Why then Dispaire, go pack thee hence away,
I liue in hope to haue a happy day.

A Dialogue betweene a *Louer, Death, and Loue.*

Louer. (preſt.

COme gentle Death D. Who calles? L. One that's op-
D. What is thy will? L. That thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life. D. Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. L. Alas why ſoe?
D. Thou want'ſt thy heart. L. who ſtole that ſame away?
D. Loue whom thou ſeru'ſt, entreat him if thou may.

Louer.

COme *Cupid* come. *C.* who calleth me so oft?
L. Thy Vassall true whom thou shouldst know by night,
C. What makes thy cry so faint? *L.* My voyce is soft,
Quite broke and spent with crying day and night.
C. Why then what's thy request? *L.* That thou restore,
To mee my heart and steale the same no more.

ANd thou ô Death when I possesse my heart,
Dispatch me then at once. *D.* Alas why so?
L. By promise thou art bound to end my smart
D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from frost, it neuer will desire
To rest with mee that am more hot then fire.

That time hath no power to *end or diminish his Loue.*

TIme wasteth yeares, and monthes, and dayes, and howers
Time doth consume, fame, riches, wit, and strength,
Time kils the greenest hearbes, and sweetest flowers
Time weares out youth, and Beauties pride at length,
Time maketh euery tree to die and rot:
Time turneth oft our pleasures into paine,
Time causeth Warres, and wronges to be forgot,
Time cleares the sky that first hung full of raine,
Time brings to nought the mightiest Princes state,
Time brings a flood from new resolued snow,
Time calmes the sea where tempests roared late,
Time eates what so'ere the moon doth see below:
Yet shall no time vpon my heart preuaile,
Nor any time shall make my loue to faile.

Loues

Loues Hyperbolet.

IF Loue had loſt his ſhaftes, and *Ioue* downe threw
His thunder-bolts, or ſpent his forked fire,
They only might recou'red be a new
From out my heart groſſe-wounded with deſire.
Or if debate by *Mars* were loſt a ſpace,
It might be found within the ſelfe ſame place.

IF *Neptunes* waues were all drſed vp and gone
My weeping eyes ſo many teares diſtill,
That greater ſeas might grow by them alone:
Or if no flame were yet remaining ſtill.
In *Vulcans* forge he might from out my breſt
Make choyce of ſuch as ſhould beſit him beſt.

IF *AEOLE.* were depriued of his charge,
Yet ſoone could *I* reſtore his windes againe,
By ſobbing ſighes which forth I blow at large
To moue her minde that pleaſures in my paine,
What man but I could thus encline his will,
To liue in loue, that hath noe end of ill.

An Inuectiue againſt loue.

LOue is a ſowre delight, a fugred greeſe,
A liuing death an euer-dying life.
A breath of reaſons law, a ſecret theeſe
A ſea of teares, an euerlaſting ſtrife.
A baite for fooles, a ſcourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a ſhot that euer hits.

Loue is a blinded God, a way-ward boy,
A labeſinth of doubts, an idle luſt,
A ſlaue to beauties will, a witleſſe toy,

A rauenous bird, a Tyrant most vniuſt,
A burning heate in froſt, a flattering foe,
A priuate hell, a very world of woe.

Yet mightie Loue regard not what I ſay,
Who in a traunce doe lie, reſt of my wits
But blame the light that leades me thus aſtray,
And makes my tongue thus raue by frantick fits,
Yet hurt her not, leſt I ſuſtaine the ſmart,
Which am content to lodge her in my hart.

Petrarks Sonnet translated.

Pace non trouo, & non ho da far guerra.

I Ioy not Peace where yet no warre is found
I feare and hope, I burne yet freeze withall,
I mount to heauen yet lie ſtill on the ground
I nothing hold yet I compaſſe all.
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
Nor friend, nor holds me faſt, nor lets me goe.

Loue will not that I liue, nor let me die,
Nor locks me faſt, nor ſuffers me to ſcape,
I want both eyes and tongue yet ſee and crie.
I wiſh for death, yet after help I gape,
I hate my ſelfe, yet loue another wight
And feede on griefe in lieu of ſweet delight.

At ſelfe ſame time I both lament and ioy,
I ſtill am pleaſ'd, and yet diſpleaſed ſtill:
Loue ſomtimes ſeemes a God ſomtimes a Boy,
Somtimes I ſinke, ſomtimes I ſwim at will,
T'wixt death and life ſmall difference I make,
All this (deere Dame) endure I for thy ſake

He

HE PROVES HIMSELF

To endure the helliſh torments of *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, *Titius*, *Siſyphus* and the *Belides*.

IN that *I* thirſt for ſuch a Goddeſſe grace,
As wants remorſe like *Tantalus I* dy,
My ſtate is equall to *Ixions* caſe,
Whoſe mangled limbs are turn'd continually.
In that my rowling toiles can haue no end,
Nor loue, nor time, nor chaunce will ſtaud my frend.

IN that my heart conſuming neuer diet,
I ſeele with *Titius* an equall paine,
Vpon whoſe heart a vulture feeding lies.
In that *I* riſe through hope, and fall againe,
By feare, like *Siſyphus I* labour ſtill
To turne a rowling ſtone againſt the hill.

IN that *I* make my vowes to her alone,
Whoſe eares are deafe, and will retaine no ſound,
With *Belides* my ſtate is all but one,
Which fill a Tub whoſe bottome is not ſound.
Thus in my heart ſince loue therein did dwell
Are all the torments to be found of hell.

Loues diſcommodities.

VVhere heate of loue doth once poſſeſſe the heart,
There cares oppreſſe the minde with wonders ill.
Wit runs awry not fearing future ſmart,
And fond deſire doth ouermaiſter Will.
The belly neither cares for meate nor drink,
Nor ouer-watched eyes deſire to wink.

FOotsteps are falſe, and wauering too and fro;
The pleaſing flower of Beautie fades away,
Reaſon retires, and pleaſure brings in woe,
And wiſedome yeeldeth place to black decay.
Counſell and fame, and friendſhip, are contemn'd
And baſhfull ſhame, and Gods themſelues condemn'd.

WAtchfull ſuſpect is linked with diſpaire,
Inconſtant hope is often drown'd in feares,
What folly hurts, Fortune cannot repaire,
And miſery doth ſwim in ſeas of teares.
Long vſe of Life is but a lingring foe,
And gentle Death is only end of woe.

Allegory of his Loue to a Ship.

THe Souldier worne with warres delights in peace,
The pilgrime in his eaſe, when toiles are paſt,
The Ship to gaine the Port, when ſtormes doe ceaſe,
And I reioyce diſcharg'd from Loue at laſt.
Whom while I ſeru'd, peace, reſt, and land I loſt,
With wars, with toyles, with ſtormes, worne, tir'd, & toſt.

SWeet Libertie now giues me leaue to ſing,
What world it was, where loue the rule did beare,
How fooliſh Chaunce by lots rul'd euery thing,
How Error was man-ſaile, each waue a teare.
The maiſter Loue himſelfe, deep ſighes were winde,
Cares row'd with vowes, the Ship a penſiue minde.

FAlſe Hope the healme, oft turn'd the Ship about,
And conſtant Faith ſtood vp for midle maſt,
Diſpaire the Cable wiſhed all with doubt,
Held griping griefe the piked anchor faſt,
Beautie was all the rocks, but I at laſt,
Haue gain'd the Port, and now my loue is paſt.

Exe-

Execration of his paſſed Loue.

I Curſe the time, wherein theſe Lips of mine,
Did pray or praiſe the Dame that was vnkind.
I Curſe my Ink, my Paper, and each line,
My hand hath writ in hope to moue her minde.
I Curſe her hollow heart, and flattering eyes,
Whoſe ſlie deceits did cauſe my mourning cryes.

I Curſe the ſugred ſpeech and *Syrrues* ſong,
Wherewith ſo oft ſhee hath bewitcht mine care.
I Curſe my fooliſh will that ſtaid ſo long
And tooke delight to bide twixt hope and feare,
I curſe the howre wherein *I* firſt began,
By louing looks to proue a witleſſe man.

I Curſe thoſe daies which *I* haue ſpent in vaine,
In louing one vngratfull and vnkinde,
I curſe the bow and ſhaftes that bred my paine,
And *Loue I* curſe that archer nak'd and blind,
But on that howre that my fond loue did end,
Millions of bleſſings *I* will euer ſpend.

FINIS. T. W.

A SONNET OF THE SVN.

A Iewell being a ſun-ſhining vpon the Marigold cloſed a heart of gould ſent to his Miſtreſſe, named *Mary*.

THe Sun doth make the marygold to flouriſh,
The Suns departure makes it droop againe.
So goulden Maries ſight, my ioyes do nouriſh,
But by their abſence all my ioyes are ſlaine.

The sunne, the marigould make it liue and die,
By her the sun shines brighter, so may *I*.
Her smiles do grace the sun, and light the aire,
Reuiue my heart, and clear: the cloudie Skie,
Her frownes the aire make darke the sun to lowre,
The marigould to close my heart to die.
By her the sun, the flowre, the aire, and I,
Shine and darken, spread, and close, liue and die,
You are the sun, you are the golden Marie,
Passing the sun in brightnesse, gold in power:
I am the flowre whom you do make to varie.
Florish when you smile, droup when you do lowre.
Oh let this heart of gold, sunne, and flowre,
Still liue, shine, and springing in your harts bowre.

CH. B.

A Sonnet of the Moone.

LOoke how the pale *Queene* of the silent night,
Doth cause the *Ocean* to attend vpon her,
And he as long as she is in his sight,
with her full tide is redie her to honour:
But when the siluer wagon of the Moone
Is mounted vp so high he cannot follow,
The sea cals home his christall waues to mone,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you that are the soueraigne of my heart,
Haue all my ioyes attending on your will,
My ioyes low cobing when you doe depart
When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come, and as you do depart
Ioyes ebb and flowe within my tender heart.

CH. B.

Stephen

STREPHONS PALINDE.

Strephon, vpon some vnkindnes conceiued, hauing made shew to leaue Vrania, *and make loue to another Nymph, was at the next solemne assembly of shepheards, not onely frowned vpon by* Vrania, *but commanded with great bitternesse out of her presence: Whereupon, sory for his offence, and desirous to regaine her grace whom he neuer had forsaken, but in shew, vpon his knees he in this song humbly craues pardon: and* Vrania *finding his true penitence, and vnwilling to loose so worthy a seruant receiues him againe into greater grace & fauour than before.*

SWeet, I doe not pardon craue,
Till I haue,
By deserts, this fault amended:
This, I onely this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but Fate did fetch
Me poore wretch,
Into this vnhappy error,
Which to plague, no Tyrants minde
Paine can finde,
Like my hearts selfe-guiltie terror.

Then, O then! let that suffice
Your deare Eies
Need not, need not more afflict me,
Nor your sweete Tongue dipt in gall,
Need at all
From your presence interdict me.

Vnto him that Hell sustaines,
No new paines
Need be sought for his tormenting,
O my paines hels paines surpasse!

Yet, alas!
You are ſtill new paines inuenting.

By my Loue, long firme and true,
Borne to you,
By theſe teares my griefe expreſsing,
By this Pipe which nights and dayes
Sounds your praile,
Pittie me, my fault confeſsing.

Or if I may not deſire,
That thelr yre
May with pennance be ſuſpended;
Yet let me full pardon craue,
When I haue,
With ſoone death, my fault amended.

VRANIAES Anſwere in inuerted Rimes,
Staffe for Staffe.

SInce true pennance hath ſuſpended
Fained yre,
More Ile grant then you deſire.
Faults confeſt are halfe amended,
and I haue,
In this halfe, all that I craue.

Therefore baniſh now the terror,
Which you finde
In your guiltleſſe grieued minde.
For though you haue made an error,
From me wretch
Firſt beginning it did fetch.

Ne're my ſight Ile interdict thee
Adore at all,

Nere

Ne're ſpeake words more dipt in gall,
Ne're, ne're will I more afflict thee
With theſe Eyes,
What is paſt, ſhall now ſuffice.

Now new ioyes Ile be inuenting,
Which (alas)
May thy paſſed woes ſurpas.
Too long thou haſt felt tormenting,
Too great paines
So great Loue and Faith ſuſtaines.

Let theſe Eyes (by thy confeſſing
Worthy praiſe)
Neuer ſee more nights nor dayes.
Let my woes be paſt expreſſing,
When to you
I ceaſe to be kinde and true.

Thus are both our States amended,
For you haue
Fuller pardon then you craue,
And my feare is quite ſuſpended,
Since mine yre
Wrought th'effect I moſt deſire:

Fra. Daniſon.

I. EGLOGVE.

A Shepheard poore, *Eubulus* call'd he was
(Poore now alas, but erſt had iolly beene)
One pleaſant morne when as the Sunne did paſſe
The fiery hornes of raging Bull betweene,
His little Flocke into a Meade did bring,
As ſoone as day-light did beginne to ſpring.

Freſh was the Meade, in Aprils liuerie dight,
Deckt with greene Trees, bedew'd with ſiluer Brookes,
But

But ah! all other was the shepheards plight,
All other were both sheep and shepheards lookes!
For both did shew by their dull heauie cheere
They tooke no pleasure of the pleasant yeere,

He weeping went, ay me that he should weepe!
They hung their heads, as they to weepe wold learn
His heauie heart did send forth sighings deepe.
They in their bleating voice did seeme to yearne.
He leane and pale, their fleece was rough and rent
They pinde with paine and he with dolours spent.

His pleasant Pipe was broke, (alas the while)
And former merriment was banisht quite.
His shepheards Crooke that him vpheld ere-while,
He earst had throwne away with great dispite.
Tho leaning gainst a shrub that him sustained,
To th'earth, sun, birds, trees, Eccho thus he plained.

Thou all-forth-bringing earth, though winter chill,
With blustring windes blow of thy mantle green,
And with his Snow and hoary Frosts doe spill,
Thy *Flora*-pleasing flowers, and kill them cleen.
Yet when fresh Spring returnes againe
To driue away the Winters paine,
Thy Frost and Snowe
Away doe goe.
Sweet *Zephyres* breath cold *Boreas* doth displace,
And fruitfull showers
Reuiue thy flowers,
And nought but Ioy is seene in euery place.

But ah! how long, alas how long doth last
My endlesse Winter without hope of Spring?
How haue my sighes, my blustring sighes defast,
The flowers and buds which erst my youth did bring.

Alas.

Alas the tops that did aspire,
Lie troaden now in filthy mire.
Alas! my head
Is all bespread
With too vntimely snow: and eke my hart
All sence hath lost,
Through hardned frost,
Of colde despaire, that long hath bred my smart.

What though some-rising Torrents ouerflow
With nought-regarding streames thy pleasant greene.
And with their furious force do lay full lowe,
Thy drowned flowers, how euer sweete they beene,
Soone fall those floudes, as soone they rose,
(For fury soone his force doth lose;)
And then full eath
Apolloes breath,
The cold, yet drying North-winde, so doth warme,
That by and by
Thy Meades be dry,
And grow more fruitfull by their former harme.

O would the teares that Torrent-like do flowe
Adowne my hollow cheeks with restlesse force,
Would once (O that they could once) calmer grow,
Would like to thine, once cease their ceaseles course.
Thine last not long, mine still indures:
Thine cold, and so thy wealth procure:
Hot mine are still,
And so do kill
Both flower and roote, with most vnkindly deaw.
What Sun or Winde
Away can finde,
The roote once dead, the flowers to renew?

Then, though the scorching heate of Summer Sun,

(While

While ill-breath'd Dog the raging Lyon chaſeth)
Thy peckled flower do make of colour dun,
And pride of all thy greeny haire defaceth;
And in thy moyſture-wanting ſide,
Deepe wounds do make and gaſhes wide:
Yet as they weate,
By *Phœbus* heate,
To turne to wholeſome dryneſſe is procured.
So *Phœbus* heate
By ſouth winds weate,
Is ſoone aſſwaged, and all thy wounds recured.

Such heate as *Phœbus* hath me almoſt ſlaine.
As *Phœbus* heat? ah no, farre worſe then his.
It is *Aſtreas* burning-hot Diſdaine
That parched hath the roote of all my bliſs:
That hath (alas) my youth defaced,
That in my face deepe wounds hath placed.
ah that no Heate
Can dry the weate
The flowing weate of my ſtill weeping Eyes!
Ah that no weate
Can quench the heate,
The burning heate within my heart that lyes!

Thou doſt, poore earth, beare many a bitter ſtound,
While greedy Swaines forgetting former neede,
With crooked plowes thy tender backe do wound,
With harrowes biting teeth do make thee bleede.
But earth (ſo may thoſe greedy Swaines
With pitteous Eye beholde thy paines)
O Earth, tell mee,
When thou doſt ſee,
thy fruitfull backe with golden eares beſet,
Doth not that ioy

Kill all annoy,
And make thee all thy former wounds forget?

And I, if once my tired heart might gaine
The hareſt faire that to my faith is due:
If once I might ASTREAS grace regaine:
If once her heart would on my ſorrowes rue,
Alas, I could theſe plaints forgo,
And quite forget my former wo.
But (O! to ſpeake
My heart doth breake)
For all my ſeruice, faith and patient minde,
A crop of greefe,
Without releefe,
A crop of ſcorne, and of contempt I finde.

Soone as the ſhepheards Star abroad doth wend;
(Nights harbinger) to ſhut in bright-ſome Day;
And gloomy Night, on whom blacke clouds attend,
Doth Tirant-like through skie vſurpe the ſway,
Thou art (poore Earth) of Sunne deprriued
Whoſe beames to thee all ioy deriued:
But when *Aurore*
Doth ope her dore,
Her purple dore to let in *Phœbus* waine,
The night giues place
Vnto his race,
And then, with ioy, thy Sun returnes againe.

O would my Sunne would once returne againe!
Returne and driue away th'infernall night,
In which I die, ſince ſhe did firſt refraine
Her heauenly beames, which were mine only light.
In her alone all my light ſhinde.
And ſince ſhe ſhinde not, I am blinde.
Alas, on all, Her beames do fall.

Sans

Saue wretched me, whom ſhee doth them deny.
And bleſſed day
She giues alway,
To all, but me, who ſtill in darkneſſe lie.

In mournfull darkneſſe I alone doe lie,
And wiſh, but ſcarcely hope, bright day to ſee,
For hop'd ſo long, and wiſht ſo long haue I,
As hopes and wiſhes both abandon me.
My night hath laſted fifteene yeeres,
And yet no glimpſe of day appeares.
O do not let,
Him that hath ſet,
His ioy, his light, his life in your ſweete Grace,
Be vnrelieu'd,
And quite depriu'd
Of your deere ſight, which may this night diſplace.

Phœbus, although with fiery-hoofed ſteedes,
Thou daily doe the ſteepy Welkin beate,
And from this painfull taske art neuer freed,
But daily bound to lend the world thy heate,
Though thou in fiery Chariot ride,
And burning heate thereof abide,
Yet ſoone as night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her ſable Cloake through vaulted skie,
Thy iournie's ceaſt,
And thou doſt reſt,
In cooling waues of *Tethis* ſoueraignтie.

Thrice happy Sun, whoſe pains are eas'd by night,
O hapleſſe I, whoſe woes laſt night and day.
My paines by day do make me wiſh for night,
My woes by night do make me cry for day.
By day I turmoile vp and downe,

By night in Seas of teares *I* drowne:
O painfull plight!
O wretched night,
Which neuer findes a morne of ioyfull light.
O ſad dechy,
O wretched day,
That neuer feeles the eaſe of ſilent night!

Ye chirping Birds, whoſe notes might ioy my minde,
(If to my minde one drop of ioy could ſinke)
Who erſt, through Winters rage were almoſt pinde,
And kept through barren froſt from meate or drinke,
A bleſſed change ye now haue ſeene,
That changed hath your woſull teene.
By day you ſing,
And make to ring
The neighbour groues with Eccho of your Song:
In ſilent night,
Full cloſely dight,
You ſoundly ſleepe the buſhes greene among.

But *I*, who erſt (ah woſull worde to ſay)
Enioy'd the pleaſant ſpring of her ſweete grace,
And then could ſing and dance, and ſport and play;
Since her fierce anger did my Spring diſplace:
My nightly reſt haue tura'd to detriment,
To plaints haue turn'd my wonted meriment.
The Songs I ſing
While day doth ſpring,
Are booteleſſe plaints till I can plaine no more.
The reſt I taſte,
While night doth laſt,
Is broken ſighes, till they my hart make ſore.

Thou flowret of the field that erſt didſt fade,
And nipt with Northerne cold didſt hang the head:

And

And Trees whoſe bared bowes haue loſt their ſhade
Whoſe withered leaues by weſterne blaſts were ſhed,
Yee 'gin to bud and ſpring againe,
Winter is gone that did you ſtraine.
But *I* that late
With vpright gate
Bare vp my head, while happy fauour laſted;
Now olde am growne
Now ouerthrowne,
With wo, with griefe, with wailing now am waſted.

Your ſpringing ſtalke with kindly iuice doth ſprout,
My fainting legs do waſt and fall away:
Your ſtretched armes are clad with leaues about,
My griefe-conſumed armes do faſt decay.
You 'gin againe your tops lift vp;
I downe to earth-ward gin to ſtoope.
Each bowe and twig
Doth waxe ſo big,
That ſcarce the rinde is able it to hide;
I do ſo faint,
And pine with plaint,
That ſlops and hoſe, and Galage waxe too wide.

Eccho how well may ſhe that makes me mone,
By thy example learne to rue my paine?
Thou hear'it my plaints when as *I* waile alone,
And wailing accents anſwereſt againe.
When as my breſt through griefe I beate,
That wofull ſound thou doſt repeate.
When as I ſob,
And heartly throb,
A dolefull ſobbing ſound againe thou ſendeſt:
And when I weepe,
And ſigh full deepe,
A weepy, ſighing Voice againe thou ſendeſt.

But ahl how oft haue my ſad plaints aſſaide

To

To pierce her Eares, deafe onely vnto mee?
How oft my woes in mournfull ink arraide
Haue tride to make her Eyes my griefe to ſee?
And you, my Sighes and Teares, how often
Haue yee ſought her hard heart to ſoften?
And yet her Eye
Doth ſtill denie,
For all my woes on bitter teare to ſhed
And yet her heart
Will not impart,
One hearty ſigh for griefe her ſelfe hath bred.

Nor I, alas, do wiſh that her faire Eyes,
Her bleſſed-making Eyes ſhould ſhed a teare,
Nor that one ſigh from her deere Breaſt ſhould riſe,
For all the paines, the woes, the wrongs I beare.
Firſt let this wight oppreſſe me ſtill,
Ere ſhee, through mee taſt any ill.
Ah if I might,
But gaine her ſight,
And ſhew her e're I die, my wretched caſe;
O then ſhould I
Contented dy;
But ah I dy, and hope not ſo much grace.

With that his fainting legs to ſhrink, begun,
And let him ſink with gaſtly look to ground
And there he lay as though his life were don,
Till that his Dog, ſeeing that wofull ſtound
With piteous howling, kiſſing and with ſcraping,
Brought him againe from that ſweet-ſowre eſcaping.

Then gan his Teares ſo ſwiftly for to flow,
As for'ſt his Ey-lids for to giue them way,
Then bluſt'ring ſighes too boyſt'rously gan blow,
As his weake lips could not his fury ſtay,

And

And inward griefe withall ſo hugely ſweld,
As teares, ſighes, griefe had ſoone all words expeld.

At laſt when floods of teares began to ceaſe,
And ſtormes of weary ſighes more calme to blowe:
As he went on with words his greefe to eaſe,
And remnant of his broken plaint to ſhowe:
He ſpide the skie o're-ſpread with nightly clouds,
So home he went, his flocke and him to ſhrowde.

Eubulus his Emblome.

VNI MIHI PERGAMA RESTANT

F. D.

1. Eglogue intituled CVDDY.

1

A Litle Heard-groome (for he was no better)
When courſe of yeere return'd the pleaſant ſpring
At break of day without-en further lett
Caſt with himſelfe his flocke a field to bring,
And for they had ſo long beene pent with paine,
At ſight of Sun they ſeem'd to liue againe.

2

Such was the flocke all bent to brouſe and play,
But nothing ſuch their Maiſter was to ſee.
Downe hung his drooping head like rainy day,
His checks with teares like ſprings bedeawed bee.
His wringed hand ſuch ſilent mone did make,
Well might you gueſſe he was with loue y'take.

3. Tho

3

The while his flocke went feeding on the greene,
And wantonly for ioy of Summer plaid,
All in despight as if he would be seene
He cast himselfe to ground full ill appayd.
Should seeme their pleasance made him more complaine,
For ioy in sight not felt, is double paine.

4

Vnhappy Boy why liu'st thou still, quoth he,
And hast thy deadly wound so long ago?
What hope of after hap sustayneth thee?
As if there might be found some ease of wo.
Nay better dye ten thousand times then liue,
Since euery houre new cause of death doth giue.

5

The ioyfull Sunne, whom clowdy Winters sight
Had shut from vs in watry fishes haske,
Returnes againe to lend the world his light,
And red as Rose begins his yeerely taske.
His fiery steeds the steepy welkin beate,
And both the hornes of clyming Bull do heate.

6

But ah no Sun of grace aspires to mee,
Close hid she lies, from whom I should haue light,
The clowds of black disdaine so foggy bee,
That blind I ly (poore boy) bereft of sight:
And yet *I* see the Sun I seeke to find,
And yet the more I see, the more am blind.

7

Thrice happy ground, whom spoyld with winters rage,
The heat of pleasant spring renewes againe:
Vnhappy I, whom in my spring of age,
The frost of could Despaire hath well-nigh slayne.

How

How ſhall I bide your ſtormy Winters ſmart,
When ſpring it ſelfe hath frorne my bloodleſſe hart,

8

I ſee the beawty of thy flowers renew,
Thy mantle greene with ſundry colloures ſpread,
Thou ſeeſt in me a change of former hew,
Paleneſſe for white, blacknes for liuely red.
What hope of Harueſt fruit, or Summer flowers,
Since that my ſpring is drownd with teares like ſhowres.

9

And laſt of all, but lieu'ſt of all to mee,
Thou leany flock, that didſt of late lament,
And witneſſe waſt for ſhepheards all to ſee,
(Thy knees ſo weake, thy fleece ſo rough and rent)
That thou with paine didſt pine away vnfed,
All for thy Maiſter was with loue muſled.

10

Thou 'ginſt at earſt forget thy former ſtate,
And range amid the buſks thy ſelfe to feede,
Faire fall thee little flocke both rathe and late,
(Was neuer Louers ſheepe, that well did ſpeede)
Thou free, I bound, thou glad, I pinde in payne,
I ſtriue to dye, and thou to liue full faine.

11

Wo worth the ſtund, wherein I tooke delight,
To frame the ſhifting of my nimble feete,
To cheerefull ſound of Pipe in Moon-ſhine night,
Such pleaſance paſt at earſt now makes me greet.
I ween'd by Night haue ſhun'd the parching ray,
But night it ſelfe was twiſe more hott then day.

12

Then firſt of all (and all too ſoone for me)
I ſaw thilk Laſſe (nay grau'd her in my breſt)
Her chriſtall eyes more bright then Moone to ſee,
Her eies, her eies, that haue robd me of reſt,
On them I gaz'd, then ſaw I to my coſt,
Though too much ſight mine onely ſight is loſt.

where

Where beene the dapper *Ditties* that I dight,
And Roundlaies, and Virelayes so soote?
Whilome with Collins selfe compare I might
For other Swaine, to striue was little boote.
Such skill *I* had in making all aboue
But all to *little* skill to conquer Loue.

What helps it me to haue my piping prayz'd,
Of all saue her, whom *I* would only please?
Nought care I, though my fame to sky be rayz'd
For pleasant song that brings my heart no ease.
Wherfore both Pipe and Song I all forsweare,
And former pleasance wilfully forbeare.

With that he cast his looke to Welkin high,
And saw the doubled shadowes flit away:
And as he glaunst halfe in despight awry,
He spide the shepheards starre shut in the Day;
Then rose, and homeward with his flock him weet,
Whose voice did helpe their Maisters case lament.

Cuddies Embleme.

Questo per amar s'acquista.

The Christian Stoick.

The vertuous man is free, though bound in chaines,
Though poore content, though banisht, yet no straiger.
Though sick, in health of mind, secure in danger,
And o're himselfe, the world, and fortune raignes.

Nor good haps, proud, nor bad, dejected make him,
To Gods, not to mans will, he frames each action:
He seekes no fame, but inward satisfaction,
And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes shakes him.

An

An Eglogue

Made long since vpon the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Thenot. Perin.

PERIN, areed what new mischance betide,
Hath reft thee of thy wonted meriment?
Faire feeds thy flocke this pleasant spring beside,
Nor Loue, I weene, hath made thee discontent,
Sild age and Loue, to meete in one consent.

Perin.

Ah *Thenot*, where the Ioy of hart doth faile,
What marualle there, if mirth & musick quaile?
See how the flowrets of the field do spring,
The purple Rose, the Lilly white as Snow;
With smell and colour for an harueſt King.
May serue to make vs yong againe, I trow,
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low,
Soone as the roote is nipt with northerne cold,
What smell, or beauty, can we then behold?

Thenot.

As good not heare, as heard, not vnderstand,
My borrell braines through eld beene all too dull,
Sike mister meaning nill by me be scand,
All as my Face, so wrinkled is my skull:
Then say me *Perin*, by thy hope of Wull,
And by thine Ewes blowne bags, and bagpipes sound,
So not one Aneling in thy fleck be found.

Perin.

ah *Thenot*, by thine aldertiefest La'Te,

Or

Or whatsoeuer is more deere to thee;
No Bagpipe name, let song and solace passe,
Death hath vndon my flock, my pipe and me,
Dead is the Sheeps delight, and Shepheards glee,
Broke is my Pipe, and *I* my selfe forlorne
My Sheep vnfed, their fleetes rent and torne.

Thenot.

I mickle mus'de such vncoth change to see
My flocks refus'de to feed, yet hale they were:
The tender Birds sate drooping on the tree
The careleſſe Lambs went wandring here & there,
My selfe vnknowne a part of griefe did beare,
Ne wist *I* why yet heauy was my heart,
Vntimely Death was cause of all this smart
Vp *Perin*, vp, aduance thy mournfull layes
Sound loud thy pipe but sound in dolefull wise.

Perin.

Who elſe but *Thenot*, can the Muses raise
And teach them sing & daunce in mournfull guise,
My finger's stiffe, my voyce doth hoarsely rise.

Thenot.

Ah, where is *Collin*, and his passing skill?
For him it fits our sorrow to fulfill.

Perin.

T'way sore extreames our *Collin* presse so neere,
(Alas that such extreames should presse him so)
The want of wealth, and losse of loue so deere,
Scarse can he breathe from vnder heapes of woe,
He that beares heauen beares no such weighe I trow.

Thenot.

Hath he such skill in making all about,

And hath no skill to get, or Wealth, or Loue?

Perin.

Praise is the greatest prise that Poets gaine,
A simple gaine that feeds them ne're a whit,
The wanton lasse for whom he bare such paine,
Like running water loues to change and flit.
But if thee list to heare a sorry fit,
Which *Cuddy* could in dolefull verse endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

Thenot.

Ginne when thou list, all be my skill but small,
My forward minde shall make amends for all.

Perin.

YEe Nimphs that bath your bodies in this spring:
Your tender bodies white as driuen Snow:
Yee Virgins chast which in this Groue do sing,
Which neither griefe of Loue, nor death do know:
So may your streames runn cleere for ay,
So may your trees giue shade alway.
Depart a space,
And giue me place,
To waile with griefe my restlesse woe alone,
For feare my eryes
Constraine your eyes,
To shed forth teares, and help lament my mone.

And thou, my Muse, that whilome wont to ease,
Thy Maisters minde with layes of sweet delight,
Now change those tunes, no ioy my hart can please
Gone is the day, come is the darklome night,
Our Sunne close hid in cloudes doth lie,
We liue indeed but liuing die:
No light we see,

Yet

Yet wander wee,
We wander farre and neere without a guide:
And all aſtray,
We looſe our way,
For in this world n'is ſuch a Sunne beſide.

Yee Shepheards Boyes that lead your flocks a field
The whilſt your ſheep feed ſafely round about,
Breake me your Pipes that pleaſant ſound did yeeld,
Sing now no more the Songs of *Collin Clout*.
Lament the end of all our ioy,
Lament the ſource of all annoy.
Sidney is dead,
That wont to lead
Our flocks and vs in mirth and Shepheards glee:
Wel could he ſing,
Well dance, and ſpring;
Of all the Shepheards was non ſuch as hee,

How often hath his skill in pleaſant Song,
Drawn al the water-nimphs from out their bowers?
How haue they laine the tender graſſe along,
And made him Garlands gay of ſmelling flowers.
Phœbus himſelfe that conquer'd *Pan*,
Striuing with *Willy*, nothing wan.
Net thinks I ſee
The time when hee
Pluckt from his goulden locks the Lawrell crowne,
And ſo to raiſe,
Our *Willies* praiſe,
Bedeckt his head and ſoftly ſet him downe.

The learned Muſes flock to heare his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount;
They thought his Songs were don to quickly ſtill,
Of none but *Willies* Pipe they made acount.
He ſong they ſeemd in ioy to flowe,

Yet

He ceast; they seem'd to weep for woe;
The rurall rout,
All round about,
Like Bees came swarming thick, to heare him sing,
Ne could they thinke,
On meare or drinke,
While *Willies* musicke in their eares did ring.

But now (alas) such pleasant mirth is past,
Apollo weepes, the *Muses* rend their haire.
No ioy on earth that any time can last,
See where his breathlesse corps lies on the beare.
That selfe same hand that reft his life,
Hath turned Shepheards peace to strife.
Our ioy is fled
Our life is dead,
Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone:
Our Poets praise
Our happy dayes,
And nothing left but griefe, to think thereon.

What *Thames*, what *Seuerne*, or what westerne Seas,
Shall giue me floods of trickling teares to shed?
What comfort can my restlesse griefe appeale?
O that mine eyes were fountaines in my head!
Ah *Collin!* I lament thy case,
For thee remaines no hope of grace.
The best reliefe
Of Poets griefe;
Is dead and wrapt full cold in filthy clay,
And nought remaines
To ease our paines,
But hope of death to rid vs hence away.

Thilli thine is the greatest griefe aboue the rest.
Where bin thy sweetest Posies seatly dight,
Thy Garlands with a true-loues Knot addrest,

and

And all that erſt thou *Willy* didſt behight?
Thy labour all is loſt in vaine
The griefe ſhall ay remaine
The Sun bright,
That falles to night,
To morrow from the Eaſt againe ſhall riſe
But we decay,
And waſt away,
Without returne alas thy *Willy* dies.

See how the drooping Flocks refuſe to feed,
The Riuers ſtreame with teares aboue the bankes
The trees do ſhed their leaues, to waile agreed,
The beaſts vnfed, go mourning all in rankes,
The Sun denies the Earth his light,
The ſpring is kil'd with winters might
The flowers ſpill,
The birds are ſtill,
No voyce of ioy is heard in any place,
The Medowes greene
A change haue ſeene,
And *Flora* hides her pale diſcoloured face.

Watch now ye Shepheards boyes with waking eye
And looſe your time of ſleep, to learne to ſing.
Vnhappy skill, what good is got thereby,
But painted praiſe that can no profite bring?
If skill could moue the Siſters three,
Our *Willy* ſtill aliue ſhould be.
The woolfe ſo wood
Amazed ſtood,
At ſound of *Willies* Pipe and left his pray:
Both Pipe and Skill
The Siſters ſpill
So worſe then any wicked Woolfe are they.

O flatt'ring hope of mortall mens delight,
So faire in outward ſhew, ſo foule within!
The deepeſt ſtreames do ſlow full ca'me to ſight,
The rau'ning Wolues do iet in Weathers skin;
Wee deemd our *Willy* ay ſhould liue,
So ſweet a ſound his Pipe could giue:
But cruell death
Hath ſtopt his breath:
Dumbe lies his Pipe that wont ſo ſweet to ſound:
Our flockes lament
His life is ſpent,
And careleſſe wander all the woods a round.

Come now, ye ſhepheards daughters, come no more
To heare the Songs that *Cuddy* wont to ſing:
Hoarſe is my Muſe, my throat with crying ſore,
Theſe woods with Eccho of my griefe do ring.
Your *Willies* life was *Cuddies* ioy,
Your *Willies* death hath kild the Boy:
Broke lies my Pipe
Till Reedes be ripe
To make a new one but a worſe I feare:
Saue yeere by yeere,
To waile my Deere,
All Pipe and ſong I vtterly forſweare.

Thenot

Alack and weladay may Shepheards cry
Our *Willy* dead, our *Collin* kild with care:
Who ſhall not loath to liue, and long to die?
And will not griefe our little *Cuddy* ſpare,
But muſt hee too of ſorrow haue a ſhare?
Ay how his ruefull verſe hath prick't my heart!
How feelingly hath he expreſt my ſmart;

Perin

Perin.

Ah *Themo* hadſt thou ſeene his ſory looke,
His wringed hands, his eyes to heauen vpkeſt,
His teares, that ſtream'd like water in the Brooke,
His ſighes, that made his Rimes ſeeme rudely dreſt,
To teares thou woldſt haue melted with the reſt.
But hie we homeward, night approcheth neere,
And rainie cloudes in ſotherne skyes appeere.

A. W.

II EGLOGVE.

Shepheard. Heard-man.

COme gentle Heard-man, ſit by mee,
And tune thy Pipe by mine
Heere vnderneath this Willow tree,
To ſhield the hote Sun-ſhine.
Where I haue made my Summer bower,
For proofe of Summer beames,
And deckt it vp with many a flower,
Sweet ſeated by the ſtreames.
Where gentle *Daphne* once a day,
Theſe flowry bankes doth walke
And in her boſom beares away
The pride of many a ſtalke.
But leaues the humble heart behinde,
That ſhould her garland dight:
And ſhe ſweet ſoule the more vnkinde,
To let true loues ſo light.
But whereas others beare the Bell,
As in her fauour bleſt:
Her Shepheard loueth her as well,
As thoſe whom ſhe loues beſt.

Heard-man

ALas poore Pastor, *I* finde,
Thy loue is lodg'd so high,
That on thy flocke thou hast no minde,
But feed'st a wanton Eye.
If dainty *Daphnes* lookes beson
thy doating hearts desire,
Be sure, that farre aboue thy lot,
thy liking doth aspire.
To loue so sweet a Nimph as shee,
and looke for loue againe:
Fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a Shepheards swaine.
For shee of Lordly lad's becoyd,
and sought of great estates,
Her fauour scornes to be enioyde
by vs poore lowly Mates.
Wherefore *I* warne thee to bee wise,
Go with me to my walke,
Where lowly lasses be not nice,
there like, and chuse thy Make.
Where are no Pearles nor Gold to view,
No pride of silken sight,
But Peaticoats of scarlet hew,
Which vaile the skin snow-white.
There trueſt Lasses beene to get
For loue and little cost:
There sweet desire is paid his det,
and labour seldome lost.

Shepheard.

NO Heardman, no, thou rau'st too lowd
Our trade so vile to hould.
My weed as great a heart doth shrowd
as his that's clad in gould.
And take the truth that *I* thee tell,

This

This long faire *Daphne* sings
That *Cupid* will be serv'd as well,
Of Shepheards as of Kings.
For proofe whereof, old bookes recorde,
That *Venus* Queene of Loue,
Would set aside her warlicke Lorde,
And youthfull Pastors proue.
How *Paris* was as well belou'de,
A simple shepheards Boy,
As after when that he was prou'de
King *Priams* Sonne of Troy.
And therefore haue I better hope,
As had those Lads of y'ore,
My courage takes as large a scope,
Although their haps were more.
And for thou shalt not deeme I iest,
And beare a mind more base;
No meaner hope shall haunt my brest,
Then dearest *Daphnes* grace.
My minde no other thought retaines,
Mine Eye nought else admires:
My hart no other passion straines,
Nor other hap desires.
My Muse of nothing else entreates,
My Pipe nought else doth sound,
My veines no other feauer heates,
Such faiths in Shepheards found.

Heard-man.

AH Shepheard, then I see, with greefe
Thy care is past all cure,
No remedy for thy releefe,
But patiently endure.
Thy wonted liberty is fled,
Fond fancie breeds thy bane,
Thy sence of folly brought a bed,

Thy wit is in the wane.
I can but ſorrow for thy ſake,
Since loue lulles thee a ſleepe.
And whilſt out of thy dreame thou wake,
God ſhield thy ſtraying ſheepe.
Thy wretched Flocke may rue and curſe
This proud deſire of thine,
Whoſe wofull ſtate from bad to worſe
Thy careleſſe eye will pine.
And e'en as they, thy ſelfe likewiſe
With them ſhalt weare and waſte,
To ſee the ſpring before thine eies,
Thou thirſty canſt not taſte.
Content thee therefore with Conceit,
Where others gaine the grace,
And thinke thy fortune at the height,
To ſee but *Daphnes* face.
Although thy truth deſerued well
Reward aboue the reſt,
Thy haps ſhall be but meanes to tell
How other men are bleſt.
So gentle Shepheard, farewell now,
Be warned by my reed,
For *I* ſee written in thy brow,
Thy hart for Loue doth bleed.
Yet longer with thee would *I* ſtay,
If ought would doe thee good,
But nothing can the heate allay,
Where Loue enflames the blood.

Shepheard.

THen Heardman, ſince it is my lot,
and my good liking ſuch,
Striue not to breake the faithfull knot,
that thinks no paine too much.

For

For what contents my *Daphne* beſt
I neuer will deſpiſe;
So ſhe but wiſh my ſoule good reſt
when death ſhall cloſe mine eyes.
Then Heard-man, farewell once againe,
for now the day is fled:
So might thy cares, poore ſhepheards Swaine,
fly from thy carefull head.

IIII. EGLOGVE.

Concerning olde Age. The beginning and end of this Eglogue are wanting.

Perin.

FOr when thou art not as thou wont of y'ore,
No cauſe why life ſhould pleaſe thee any more.
Whilome I was (in courſe of former yeares,
E're freezing Eld had coolde my youthly rage)
Of mickle worth among my ſhepheards Peeres.
Now for I am ſome-dele 'yſtept in age,
For pleaſance, ſtrength, and beautie ginnes aſſwage:
Each little Heard-groome laughs my wrinkled face,
Each bonny laſſe for Cuddy ſhunnes the place;
For all this woe none can we iuſtly t'wight,
But hatefull Eld, the foe to pleaſant reſt,
Which like a theefe doth rob vs of delight.

Wrenock.

Perin, enough; few words beene alwaies beſt,
Needs muſt be borne that cannot be redreſt
Selfe am I as thou ſeeſt in thilke eſtate,
The greefe is eath to beare that hath a mate.
But ſicker for to ſpeake the truth indeed,

Thou

Thou seem'st to blame that blameleſſe ſeems to me,
And hurtleſſe Eld to ſneb: (Ill mought he ſpeede,
That ſlayes the Dog, for Wolues ſo wicked be)
The faults of men thou lay'st on age I ſee,
For which if Eld were in it ſelfe too blame,
Then I and all my Peeres ſhould taſt the ſame.

Perin.

Wrenock, I weene thou doat'ſt through ruſty Eld,
And think'ſt, with fained words to bleare mine eie.
Thou for thy ſtore art euer bliſſefull held,
Thy heapes of gold nill let thee ſorrow ſpie,
Thy flocks full ſafe here vnder ſhade doe lie,
Thy weanlings fat, thine Ewes with bladders blowne;
A iollier Shepheard liue we ſeldome knowne.

Wrenock.

For thilke my ſtore, great *Pan* y'herried be;
But if for thy, mine age with ioy *I* beare,
How falls it that thy ſelfe vnlike to me,
Art vexed ſo with greeſe and bootleſſe feare?
Thy ſtore will let thee ſleepe on either eare:
But neither want makes Age to wiſemen hard,
Nor fooles by wealth from grieuous pains are bar'd.

Perin.

Seeſt not how free yond' Lambkin skips & plaies;
And waggs his tayle, and buts with tender head;
All for he feeles the heate of youngthly dayes,
Which ſecret lawe of kinde hath inly bred?
Thilke Ewe from whom all ioy with youth is fled,
See how it hangs the head, as it would weepe,
Whilome it skipt, vneathes now may it creepe.

Wrenock.

Wrenock.

No fellowſhip hath ſtate of Beaſts with man,
In them is nought but ſtrength of lim and bone,
Which ends with age, as it with age began.
But man they ſai'ne(as other Creature none)
Hath vncouth fire conuaid from Heauen by one,
(His name I wiſt) that yeelds him inward light,
Sike fire as Welkin ſhowes in winter night:

Which neither Age nor Time can weare away,
Which waxeth bett' forvſe, as Shepheards Crooke,
That euer ſhineth brighter day by day:
Alſo though wrinkled ſeeme the aged looke,
Bright ſhines the fire that from the ſtars we tooke.
And ſooth to ſay, thilke Ewe laments the paine,
That thilke ſame wanton Lamb is like ſuſtaine.

Perin.

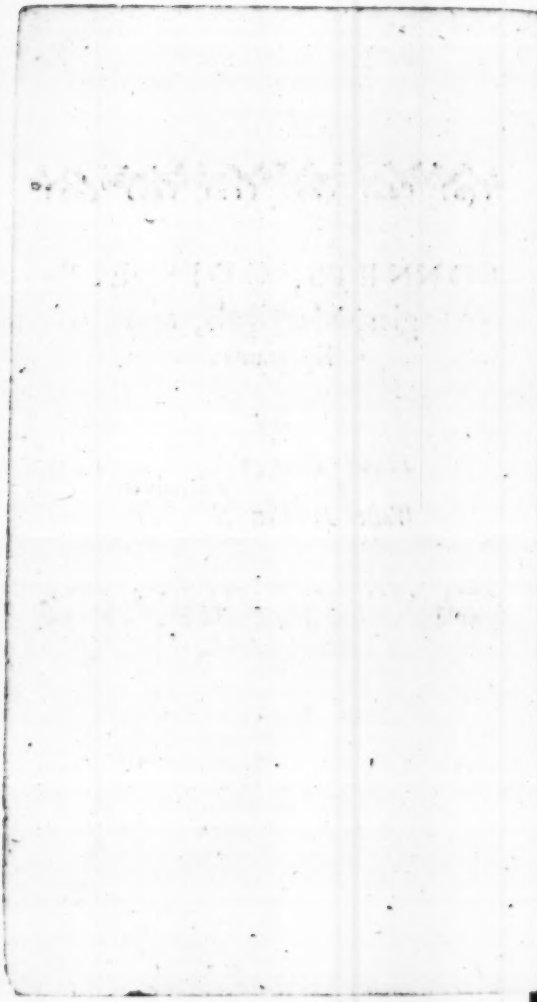
Ah *Thenot*, be not all thy teeth on edge,
To ſee youngths folke to ſport in paſtimes gay?
To pitch the Barre, to throwe the weightie ſledge,
To dance with *Phillis* all the holy-day,
To hunt by day, the Fox; by night, the Gray:
Sike peereleſſe pleaſures wont vs for to queme,
Now lig we laide, as drownd in heauy dreame.

Deeſt.

SONNETS, ODES, ELEgies, Madrigals, and Epigrams.

By

Francis Daniſon And *Walter Daniſon* } Brethren.



SONNET. I.

Dedication of theſe Rimes, to his firſt Loue.

IF my harſh humble ſtile, and Rimes ill dreſſed,
Arriue not to your worth and beauty glorious,
My Muſes ſhoulders are with weight oppreſſed,
And heauenly beames are o're my ſight victorious.
If theſe dimme colours haue your worth expreſſed,
Layde by Louers hand, and not by Arte laborious,
Your Sun-like raies haue my wits harueſt bleſſed,
Ennabling me to make your praiſe notorious.
But if alas! (alas! the Heauens defend it,)
My lines your eies, my loue your hart diſpleaſing,
Breed hate in you, and kill my hope of eaſing;
Say with your ſelfe, how can the wretch amend it?
I wondrous faire, he wondrous deerely louing.
How can his thoughts but make his pen be mouing?

SONNET. II.

That he cannot hide or diſſemble his affection.

I Bend my wits, and beate my wearie braine,
To keepe my inward greefe from outward ſhow.
Alas I cannot: now t'is vaine I know,
To hide a fire, whoſe flame appeareth plaine,
I force my will, my ſences I conſtraine,
Timpriſon in my hart my ſecret woe,
But muſing thoughts, deepe ſighs, or teares that flow,
Diſcouer what my hart hides all in vaine.
Yet blame not (Deere) this vndiſſembled paſſion;
For well may Loue, within ſmall limits bounded,
Be wiſely maskt in a diſguiſed faſhion.
But he, whoſe hart, like mine, is throughly wounded.

Can

Can neuer faine, no though he were assured,
That Faining might haue greater grace procured.

Sonnet 3.

Vpon his absence from her.

THe faireſt Eies, (O Eies in blackneſſe faire!)
That euer ſhinde, and the moſt heau'nly face,
The daintieſt ſmiling, the moſt conquering grace,
And ſweeteſt breath that e're perfumde the ayre.
Thoſe cherrie lips, whoſe kiſſe might well repaire
A dead mans ſtare; that ſpeech which did diſplace
All meane deſires, and all affections baſe,
Clogging ſwift Hope, and winging dead Diſpaire.
That ſnow-white breaſt, and all thoſe faultleſſe features
Which made her ſeeme a perſonage diuine,
And farre excelling faireſt humane creatures,
Hath Abſence baniſht from my curſed Eine.
But in my Hart, as in a Mirrour cleere,
All theſe perfections to my thoughts appeare.

Sonnet. 4.

Vpon preſenting her with the ſpeech of Grayes-Inne Maske, at the Court 1594. conſiſting of three parts. The ſtory of Proteus *transformations, the wonders of the Adamantine Rocke, and a ſpeech to her Maieſtie.*

VVHo in theſe lines may better claime a parte,
That ſing the praiſes of the Maiden Queene,
Then you, faire ſweete, that only Soueraigne beene,
Of the poore Kingdome of my faithfull Heart?
Or to whoſe view ſhould I this ſpeech impart,
Where th'Adamantines rocks great powre is ſhowne?
But to your conq'ring eies, whoſe force once knowne
Makes euen Iron harts loath thence to parte?
Or who of Proteus ſundry transformations,
May better ſend you the new-fayned Story,

Then

Then I, whoſe loue vnfain'de felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I firſt receiu'd the glory?
Accept then of theſe lines, though meanly pend,
So fit for you to take, and me to ſend.

ELEGIE. 1.

He renounceth his foode and former delight in Muſick, Poeſie and painting.

SItting at board ſometimes, prepar'de to eate,
If't hap my minde on theſe my woes to thinke,
Sighs fill my mouth in ſteade of pleaſant meate,
And teares do moyſt my lips in lieu of drinke:
But yet, nor ſighs, nor teares, that run amaine,
Can either ſtarue my thoughts, or quench my paine.

Another time with carefull thoughts o're-tane,
I thought theſe thoughts with muſicks might to chaſe:
But as I gan to ſet my notes in frame,
A ſuddaine Paſſion did my ſong diſplace.
In ſtead of Reſts, ſighs from my hart did riſe,
In ſtead of Notes, deepe ſobs and mournfull cries.

Then, when I ſaw, that theſe my thoughts increaſde,
And that my thoughts vnto my woes gaue fire,
I hopte both thoughts and woes might be releaſde,
If to the Muſes I did me retire:
Whoſe ſweete delights were wont to eaſe my woe,
But now (alas) they could do nothing ſo.

For trying oft (alas) yet ſtill in vaine,
To make ſome pleaſant numbers to ariſe,
And beating oft my dulled weary Braine,
In hope ſome ſweete Conceit for to deuiſe:
Out of my mouth no words but groanes would come,
Out of my Pen no inke but teares would runne.

Of

Of all my old delights yet one was left,
Painting alone to eaſe my minde remaind;
By which, when as I lookt to be bereft
Of theſe hart-vexing woes that ſtill me ſtraind,
From forth mine eies the bloud for colours came,
And teares withall to temper ſo the ſame.

Adieu my foode that wontſt my taſte to pleaſe,
Adieu my Songs that bred mine eares delight,
Adieu ſweete Muſe that oft my minde did'ſt eaſe,
Painting, Adieu, that oft refreſht my ſight,
Since neither taſte, nor eares, nor ſight, nor mind
In your Delights can aught ſaue ſorrow finde.

SONNET. V.

To Pitty.

WAke Pittie, wake, for thou haſt ſlept too long,
Within the Tygriſh hart of that fierce faire,
Who ruines moſt, where moſt ſhe ſhould repaire,
And where ſhe owes moſt right, doth greateſt wrong.
Wake Pitty, wake, O do no more ptolong
Thy needfull helpe: but quickly heare my pray're
Quickly (alas) for otherwiſe Deſpaire
By guilty death, will end my guiltleſſe wrong.
Sweet Pitty wake, and tell my cruell Sweete,
That if my death her honour might encreaſe,
I would lay downe my life at her proud feete,
And willing die, and dying, hold my peace.
And onely liue, and liuing mercy cry,
Becauſe her glory in my death will dy.

ODE. I.

That onely her beauty and voice pleaſe him.

1.

PAſſion may my Iudgment bleare,
Therfore feare I will not ſweare,

That

That others are not pleasing:
But I speake it to my paine,
And my life shall it maintaine,
None else yeelds my hart easing.

2.

Ladies I doo thinke there bee,
Other-some as faire as shee,
(Though none haue fairer features:)
But my turtle-like Affection,
Since of her I made Election,
Scornes other fairest creatures.

3

Surely I will not deny,
But some others reach as high
With their sweete warbling voices:
But since her Notes charmde mine Eare,
Euen the sweetest tunes I heare,
To me seeme rude harsh noyses.

Madrigall 1. To Cupid.

LOue, if a God thou art,
Then euermore thou must,
Be mercifull and iust.
If thou be iust, O wherefore doth thy Dart,
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladies Hart?

If mercifull, then why
Am I to paine reseru'd.
Who haue thee truly seru'd:
While she that by thy power sets not a flie.
Laughs thee to scorne, and liues at liberty?

Then, if a God thou wilt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

Madri-

MADRIGAL. 2.

Vpon his Miſtreſſe ſickneſs, and his owne health.

In health and eaſe am I,
Yet, as I ſenſleſſe were, it nought contents me.
You ſicke in paine doe lie,
And (ah) your paine exceedingly torments me:
Whereof, I can this only reaſon giue,
That dead vnto my ſelfe, in you I liue.

MADRIGAL 3.

He begs a kiſſe.

SOrrowe ſlowly killeth any,
Sodaine ioy ſoone murthers many.
Then (ſweete) if you would end me,
Tis a fond courſe with lingring greefe to ſpend me.
For, quickly to diſpatch me,
Your only way is, in your armes to catch me,
And giue me doue-like kiſſes,
For ſuch exceſſiue and vnlookt-for bliſſes,
Will ſo much ouer-ioy me,
As they will ſtraight deſtroy me.

MADRIGAL 4.

Vpon a kiſſe receiued.

SInce I your cherry lips did kiſſe,
Where *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* is,
My hungry maw no meate requires:
My thirſty throate no drink deſires.
For by your breath which then I gained,
Camelion-like my life's maintained.

O grant me then thoſe cherries ſtill,
And let me feede on them my fill.
If by a ſurfet death I get,
Vpon my tombe let this be ſett.
By cherries twayne his life he cherriſhe,

By

By cherries twaine at length he perisht.

ODE 2.

Vpon her protestation of kinde affection, having tryed his sincere fidelitie.

1

LAdie, you are with beauties so enriched,
Of body and of minde,
As I can hardly finde,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

2

Whether your skin so white, so smoothe, so tender,
Or face well-form'd and faire,
Or hart ensnaring haire,
Or dainty Hand, or Legge, and Foote so slender.

3

Or whether your sharpe wit and liuely spirit,
Where Pride can finde no place;
Or your enchaunting grace,
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

4

Most louely all, and each of them do moue me,
More then words can expresse;
But yet I must confesse,
I loue you most, because you please to loue me.

ODE 7.

His restlesse estate.

Your presence breeds my anguish,
Your absence makes me languish:
Your sight with woe doth fill me,
And want of your sweete sight, alas doth kill me.

If those deere Eyes that burne me,
With milde aspect you turne me,
For life my weake hart panteth:
If frowningly, my Sp'rit and Life blood fainteth.

If

If you ſpeake kindly to me,
Alas, kind words vndoe me:
Yet ſilence doth diſlike me,
And one vnkinde ill word, ſtark dead would ſtrike me.

Thus, Sunne nor ſhade doth eaſe me,
Nor ſpeach, nor ſilence pleaſe me:
Fauours and frownes annoy me,
Both want and plenty equally deſtroy me.

ELEGIE 11. *Or Letters in Verſe.*

MY deereſt Sweete, if theſe ſad lines doe happe
The raging fury of the Sea to ſcape,
O be not you more cruell then the Seas,
Let Pitty now your angry minde appeaſe.
So that your Hand may be their bleſſed Port,
From whence they may vnto your Eies reſort,
And at that throne pleading my wretched caſe,
May moue your cruell Hart to yeeld me grace.
So may no clouds of elder yeeres, obſcure
Your Sun-like Eyes, but ſtill as bright endure,
As then they ſhone when with one piercing Ray,
They made my ſelfe their ſlaue, my hart their pray:
So may no ſickneſſe nippe thoſe flowers ſweete,
Which euer flowring on your Cheeks do meet:
Nor all defacing time haue power to raſe,
The goodly building of that heauenly Face.

3

Fountaine of Bliſſe, yet well-ſpring of my woe,
(O would I might not iuſtly terme you ſo!)
Alas, your cruell dealing, and my Fate,
Haue now reduc'de me to that wretched ſtate,
That I know not how, I my ſtile may frame
To thanks, or grudging, or to praiſe, or blame;
And where to write, I all my powers do bend,

There

There wot *I* not how to begin or end.
And now my driſling teares (till downe apace,
As if the latter would the former chace,
Wherof ſome few on my pale cheekes remaine,
Like wither'd flowers bedew'd with drops of raine:
The other falling in my Paper ſinke,
Or dropping in my Pen encreaſe my inke.
Which ſuddaine Paſſions Cauſe if you would finde,
A trembling feare doth now poſſeſſe my minde,
That you will not vouchſafe theſe lines to reed.
Leſt they ſome pitty in your heart may breed:
But or with angry frownes refuſe to take them,
Or taking them, the fires ſwell make them,
Or with thoſe hands (made to a milder end)
Theſe guiltleſſe leaues all into peeces rend.
O Cruell Tyrant! (yet beloued ſtill,)
Wherin haue *I* deſeru'd of you ſo ill,
That all my loue you ſhould with hate requite,
And all my paines reward with ſuch deſpight?
Or if my fault be great (which I proteſt
Is only loue, to great to be expreſt)
What, haue theſe Lines ſo harmleſſe, innocent,
Deſeru'd to feele their Maiſters puniſhment?
Theſe Leaues are not vnto my fault conſenting:
And therfore ought not to haue the ſame tormenting
When you haue read them, vſe them as you liſt,
For by your ſight they ſhall be fully bliſt;
But till you read them, let the woes I haue,
This harmleſſe Paper from your fury ſaue.

4

Cleare vp mine eyes, & drie your ſelues my teares;
And thou my Heart baniſh theſe deadly feares;
Perſwade thy ſelfe, that though her heart diſdaine,
Either to loue thy Loue, or rue thy paine,
Yet her faire Eyes will not a looke deny,
To this ſad Story of thy Miſery.

O then my Deere, behold the Portraiture,
Of him that doth all kind of woes endure,
Of him whose Head is made a Hiue of woes,
Whose swarming number daiely greater growes:
Of him whose Senses like a Racke are bent,
With diuerse motions my poore soule to rent;
Whose minde a Mirrour is: which only showes
The ougly Image of my present woes:
Whose Memorie's a poyson'd Knife to teare,
The euer-bleeding wound my Breast doth beare,
(The euer-bleeding wound not to be cured,
But by those Eies that first the same procured.)
And that poore Heart, so faithfull, constant, true,
That onlie loues, and serues and honours you,
Is like a feeble Ship which torne and rent,
The Mast of hope being broke, and tackling spent,
Reason the Pilot dead, the starres obscured,
By which alone to saile it was enured,
No Port, no Land, no Comfort once expected,
All hope of safetie vtterlie neglected,
With dreadfull terror tumbling vp and downe,
Passions vncertaine, waues with hideous sound,
Doth daiely, hourely, minutely expect,
When either it should runne and so be wrect.
Vpon Dispaires sharpe Rocke, or be o're-throwne,
With Storme of your disdaine so fiercely blowne.

5

But yet of all the woes that do torment me,
Of all the torments that do daiely rent me.
There's none so great (although I am assured,
That euen the least can not be long endured:)
As that so many weekes (nay months, and yeeres)
Nay tedious ages, (for it so appeares)
My trembling Heart (besides so many anguishes,)
Twixt hope & feare vncertaine howerly languishes:
Whether your hands, your eies, your heart of stone,

Did

Did take my lines, and read them, and bemone
With one kind word, one ſigh, one pittying teare,
Th'unfained griefe which you do make me beare,
Whether y'accepted that laſt Monument
Of my deere Loue, the Booke (I meane) I ſent
To your deere ſelfe, when the reſpectleſſe winde
Bare me away, leauing my heart behind.
And daigne ſomtimes when you the ſame do view
To thinke on him, who alwaie thinks on you.
Or whether you (as Oh I feare you doo)
Hate both my ſelfe, and Guifts, and Letters too.

6

I muſt confeſſe (vnkind) when I conſither,
How ill, alas, how ill agree togither,
So peerleſſe beautie, to ſo fierce a minde,
So hard an inſide to ſo faire a rinde,
A Heart ſo bloodie to ſo white a breſt,
So proud diſdaine, with ſo mild lookes ſuppreſt;
And how my deere (Oh would it had been neuer,
Accurſed word, nay would it might be euer:)
How once I ſay, till your Hart was eſtranged,
(Alas how ſoone my day to night was changed)
You did vouchſafe my poore Eies ſo much grace,
Freely to view the Riches of your face,
And did ſo high exalt my lowly hart,
To call it yours, and take it in good part,
And (which was greateſt b'iſſe) did not diſdaine,
For boundleſſe loue to yeeld ſome loue againe.
When this, I ſay, I call vnto my mind,
And in my heart and Soule no cauſe can find
No fact, no word, wherby my heart doth merit,
To loue that Loue, which once it did inherit,
Diſpaire it ſelfe can not make me diſpaire,
But that you'le prooue as kind as you are faire,
And that my lines, and booke (O would t'were true)
Are, though I know't not yet, receiu'd by you,
And often haue your cruelltie repented.

Whereby my guiltleſſe Heart, is thus tormented,
And now at length in liew of paſſed woe,
Will pity kindneſſe loue and fauour ſhoe.

7

But when againe my curſed Memory,
To my ſad thoughts confounded diuerſly,
Preſents the time, the teare-procuring time,
That withered my yong ioyes before their prime,
The time when I with tedious abſence tired
With reſtleſſe loue, and racke deſire inſpired,
Comming to finde my Earthly paradiſe,
To glaſſe my ſight in your two heauenly Eies,
(On which alone my Earthly *I*oyes depended,
And wanting which, my ioy and life vvere ended)
From your ſweet Roſie lippes, the ſprings of bliſſe,
To draw the Nectar of a ſweeteſt Kiſſe;
My greedy Eares on your ſweet words to feed,
Which candied in your ſugred breath proceed,
In daintieſt accents through that Currall dore,
Guarded with pretious Pearle and Rubies ſtore:
To touch your hand ſo white, ſo moiſt, ſo ſoft,
And with a rauiſht kiſſe redoubled oft,
Reuenge vvith kindeſt ſpight the bloody theft,
Whereby it cloſely me my heart bereft.
And of all bliſſe to taſt the conſummation,
In your ſweet gracefull heauenlie conuerſation.
By whoſe ſweet charms the ſoules do you inchaunt,
Of all that do your louelie preſence haunt;
In ſtead of all theſe ioyes *I* did expect,
Found nought but frownes, vnkindneſſe & neglect.
Neglect, vnkindnes, frownes, nay plaine contempt,
And open hate, from no diſdaine exempt,
No bitter words, ſide looks nor aught that might,
Engreeue encreaſe ſo vndeſeru'd deſpight.
When this (I ſay) *I* thinke, and thinke withall,
How, nor thoſe ſhowers of teares mine Eies let fall

Nor

Nor winde of bluſtring ſighes with all their force,
Could moue your rockie Heart once to remorce,
Can I expect that letter ſhould find grace,
Or pittie euer in your heart haue place?
No no, I think, and ſad diſpaire ſaies for me,
You hate, diſdaine, and vttetlie abhorre me.

¶ 8

Alas my deere, if this you do deuiſe,
To trie the virtue of your murthering Eies,
And in the Glaſſe of bleeding, hearts to vew
The glorious ſplendour of your beauties hew,
ah! trie it on rebellious hearts and E es
That do e withſtand the power of ſacred lights,
And make them feele, (if anie ſuch be found)
How deepe & cureleſſie your Eies can vvound.
But ſpare, ô ſpare my yeelding Heart and ſaue
Him whoſe chiefe glorie is to bee your ſlaue:
Make me the matter of your Clemencie,
And not the ſubiect of your Tyrannie.

Ode. IIII.

Being by his abſence in Italy *deprined of her lookes, words and geſtures, he deſireth her to write vnto him.*

I

MY onlie ſtarre,
VVhy, why are your deere Eies,
VVhere all my liefe peace lies,
VVith me at vvarre?
VVhy to my Ruine tending,
Do they ſtill lighten vvoe,
On him that loues you ſo,
That all his thoughts in you haue birth and ending

II

Hope of my Heart,
O wherefore do the wordes,
Which your ſweet tongue affordes,
No hope impart?
But cruell without meaſure,
To my eternall paine,
Still thunder forth diſdaine,
On him whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure.

III

Sun-ſhine of ioy,
Why do your Geſtures, which
All Eies and hearts bewitch,
Mbl iſſe deſtroy?
And pities skie o're-clouding
Of hate and endleſſe ſhowre,
On that poore heart ſtill powre,
Which in your boſome ſeekes his only ſhrowding.

IIII

Blame of my wound,
Why are your lines, whoſe ſight
Should cure me with delight,
My poyſon found?
VVhich through my veines diſperſing,
Make my poore heart and mind
And all my ſenſes find
A liuing death in torments paſt rehearſing.

V

Alas my Fate
Hath of your Eies depriu'd me,
VVhich both kil'd and reuiu'd me,
And ſweetned hate;
Your ſweet voice, and ſweet Graces,
Which cloath'd in louely weeds
Your cruell words and deeds.
Are intercepted by farre diſtant places.

VI

VI

But O the anguish,
Which presence still presented,
absence hath not absented.
Nor made to languish.
No, no, encrease my pining,
The cause being (ah) removed,
For which th'effect *I* loued.
Th'effect is still in greatest force remaining.

VII

O cruell tyger,
If to your hard harts enter,
Teares, vowes, and Praiers may enter,
Desist your rigour:
and let kinde lines assure me
(Since to my deadly wound
No salue else can be found)
that you that kill me yet at length will cure me.

MADRIGAL. V.

Allusion to the confusion of BABELL.

THe wretched life I liue
In my weake sences such confusion maketh
That like the accursed Rabble,
That built the towre of Babble,
My wit mistaketh,
and vnto nothing a right name doth giue.

I terme her my deere loue, that deadly hates me
My cherfest Good, her that's my cheefest euill;
Her Saint and Godesse, who's a Witch, a Deuill;
Her my sole hope, that with despaire amates me,
My Balme *I* call her, that with poyson fils me;
and her *I* terme my life, that daily kils me.

SONNET. VI.

Vpon her acknowledging his Defart, yet reiecting his Affection.

IF Loue conioin'd vvith vvorth and great deſarte,
Merit like loue in euery noble minde,
VVhy then doe I you ſtil ſo cruell finde?
To vvhom you do ſuch praiſe of vvorth impart,
And if(my Deere)you ſpeake not from your heart,
To haynous vvrongs you do together binde,
To ſeeke vvith glozing vvords mine Eies to blinde,
And yet vvith hatefull deeds my loue to thvvart.
To vvant vvhat one deſerues engreeues his paine,
Becauſe it takes avvay all ſelfe accuſing:
And vnder kindeſt vvords to maske diſdaine,
Is to a vexed Soule too much abuſing.
Then if't be falſe ſuch gloſing vvords reſraine,
If true, O then let vvorth his due obtaine.

SONNET. VII.

Her Anſvvere in the ſame Rimes.

IF Your fond loue vvant vvorth and great deſart,
Then blame your ſelfe that you me cruel finde:
If vvorth alone moue eu'erie noble mind,
VVhy to no vvorth ſhould I my loue impart?
And if the leſſe to griefue your vvounded heart,
I ſeeke your dazled Eies vvith vvords to blind,
To iuſt diſfauour I great fauour bind,
VVith deeds and not vvith vvords your loue to thvvart.
The freeing of your minde from ſelfe accuſing
By granting your deſerts ſhould eaſe your paine,
And ſince loue is your fault t'vvere ſome abuſing,
VVith bitter vvords t'enuenom iuſt diſdaine.
Then if't be true all gloſing I refraine,
If falſe, vvhy ſhould no vvorth vvorths due obtaine?

ODE.

Ode V.

His farewell to his vnkinde and vnconſtant Miſtreſſe.

SWeete, if you like and loue me ſtill,
And yeelde me loue for my good will.
And do not from your promiſe ſtart,
When your faire hand gaue me your hart.
If deere to you I bee,
As you are deere to mee.
Then yours *I* am, and will be euer,
Nor time nor place my loue ſhall ſeuer,
But faithfull ſtill *I* will perſeuer,
Like conſtant marble ſtone,
Louing but you alone.
But if you fauour moe than mee,

(Who loue thee deere, and none but thee.)
If others doe the Harueſt gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine.
If you delight to range,
And oft to chop and change:
Then get you ſome new-fangled Mate,
My doating Loue ſhall turne to Hate,
Eſteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a pebble ſtone,
Louing not me alone.

ODE VI.

A Proſopopœia, Wherein his Hart ſpeakes to his ſecond Ladies breaſt.

I Dare not in my Maiſters boſome reſt,
Leſt that flaming *Etna* would to Aſhes burne mee
Nor dare *I* harbour in his Miſtreſſe breſt,

The frosty Clymate into yce would turne me,
So, both from her and him I doe retyre me,
Least throne should freeze me, and the other fire me.

Wing'd with true Loue, I flie to this sweete Breſt,
Whose snow, I hope, will coole but t'yce not turne me,
Where fire and snow, I truſt, so tempred reſt,
As gentle heate will warme, and yet not burne me,
But (O deere Breſt) from thee Ile ne're retire me,
Whether thou coole, or warme, or freeze, or fire me.

Ode. VII.

Vpon her giuing him back the Paper wherein the former Song was written, as though it had beene an answere thereunto.

Lady of matchleſſe beauty;
When into your sweete Boſome I deliuered
A paper, with wan lookes, and hand that quiuered
Twixt hope, feare, loue, and duetie;
Thought you it nothing elſe contain'd,
But written words in Rime restraind?
O then your thought abuſed was,
My Hart cloſe wrapt therein, into your Breſt infuſed was.

When you that Scrolle reſtor'd me,
With gratefull words, kind grace, and smiling merrily,
My breſt did swell with ioy, supposing verily,
You, answere did afford me.
But finding only that I writ,
I hope to finde my Hart in it:
But you my hope abuſed had,
And poiſon of Diſpaire in ſtead thereof infuſed had.

Why, why did you torment me,

With

With giuing back my humble Rymes so hatefully?
You should haue kept both hart and paper gratefully;
Or both you should haue sent me.
Hope you my Hart thence to remoue
By scorning me, my Lines, my Loue?
No, no; your hope abused is,
Too deepe to be remou'd it in your breft infused is.

O shall I hide or tell it?
Deere with so spoxletle, zealous, firme Affection,
I loue your Beauty, Vertue, and perfection,
As nothing can expell it.
Scorne still my Rimes, my Loue despight,
Pull out my Hart, yea kill me quite
Yet will your hate abused be,
For in my very soule, your loue and lookes infused be.

Ode VIII.

Commendation of her Beauty, Stature, Behauiour and Wit.

SOme there are as Faire to see too;
But by Art and not by Nature.
Some as Tall and goodly be too
But want Beauty to their stature.

Some haue gratious Kinde behauiour,
But are sowle, or simple Creatures:
Some haue Wit, but want sweete fauour,
Or are proud of their good features.
Only you and you want pitty
Are most Fayre, Tall, Kinde, and Witty.

MADRIGAL VI.

To her hand, vpon her giuing him her Glou'.

O Hand of all hands liuing,
The softest, moistest, whitest:
More skild then *Phœbus* on a Lute in running;
More then *Minerua*, with a Needle cunning;
Then *Mercurie* more wily,
In stealing Harts most slily.

Since thou deere Hand, in theft so much delightest,
Why fall'st thou now a giuing?
Ay me! thy gifts are thefts, and with strange Art,
In giuing me thy Gloue, thou stealst my Hart.

MADRIGAL VII.

Cupid proued a Fencer.

Ah *Cupid* I mistooke thee;
I for an Archer, and no Fencer tooke thee.
But as a Fencer oft faines blowes and thrusts,
Where he intends no harme;
Then turnes his balefull Arme,
And wounds that part which least his foe mistrust:
So thou with fencing Art,
Fayning to wound mine eies, hast hit my hart.

SONNET VIII.

Vpon her commending (though most vndeseruedly) his Verses to his first Loue.

PRaise you those barren Rimes long since composed?
Which my great Loue, her greater Cruelty,
Mr constant faith, her false Inconstancie,
My praiseles stile, her o're-praisd worth disclosed.

O if

O if I lou'd a iocundfull Dame so decrely;
If my wilde yeeres did yeeld to fame affection;
If her Moon-beams, short of your Suns perfection,
Taught my hoars Muse(as you say) to sing cleerely
How much, how much should I loue and adore you,
Diuinest Creature if you deign'd to loue me:
What beauty, fortune, time should euer moue me
In these staid yeeres to like aught els before you?
And O! how should my Muse, by you inspired,
Make heauen and earth resound your praise admired.

My then greene Hart so brightly did enflame.

MADRIGAL VIII.

He compares himselfe to a Candle-flie.

LIke to the seely flie,
To the deere light I flie
Of your disdainfull Eyes,
But in a diuerse wise.
She with the flame doth play
By night alone; and I both night and day.
She to a Candle runnes;
I to a light, far brighter then the Sunnes.
Shee neere at hand is fyred:
I both neere hand, and far-away retyred.
She fondly thinkes, nor dead, nor burnt to be,
But I my burning, and my death foresee.

MADRIGAL IX.

Answere to her question, what Loue was.

IF I behold your Eyes,
Loue is a Paradice.
But if I view my Hart,
Tis an infernall smart.

Ode

ODE IX.

That all other Creatures haue their abiding in heauen, hell, earth, ayre, water or fire: but he in all of them.

IN heau'n the bleſſed Angels haue their beeing,
In hell the Fiends appointed to damnation,
To men and beaſts Earth yeelds firme habitation:
The wing'd Muſitians in the Aire are fleeing.
With finnes the people gliding,
Of Water haue th'enioying.
In Fire (all elſe deſtroying)
The Salamander findes a ſtrange abiding:
But I, poore wretch, ſince I did firſt aſpire,
To loue your beauty, Beauties all excelling,
Haue my ſtrange diuerſe dwelling,
In heau'n, hell, earth, water, ayre, and Fier.

Mine Eare, while you do ſing, in Heau'n remaineth:
My mind in hell, through hope and feares contention.
Earth holds my droſſy wit and dull inuention.
Th'ill foode of airie ſighes my life ſuſtaineth.
To ſtreames of teares ſtill flowing
My weeping Eies are turned.
My conſtant heart is burned
In quenchleſſe fire within my boſome glowing.
O foole, no more, no more ſo high aſpire:
In Heau'n is no beauty more excelling,
In hell no ſuch pride dwelling,
Nor hart ſo hard in earth, ayre, water, fire.

MADRIGAL. X.

Vpon his timerous ſilence in her preſence.

Are Louers full of fire?
How comes it then my verſes are ſo colde?

And

And how, when I am nie her,
And fit occaſion wils me to be bolde,
The more I burne, the more *I* do deſire,
The leſſe I dare require?
Ah *Loue!* this is thy wondrous Art,
To freeze the tongue, and fire the hart.

MADRIGAL. XI.

Vpon her long Abſence.

IF this moſt wretched and infernall Anguiſh,
Wherein ſo long your abſence makes me languiſh,
My vitall ſpirits ſpending,
Do not worke out my ending.
Nor yet your long-expected ſafe returning,
To heau'nly ioy my helliſh torments turning,
With ioy ſo ouer-fill me,
As preſently it kill me;
I will conclude, how's'euer Schooles deceaue a man:
No Ioy, nor Sorrow, can of life bereaue a man.

Vpon ſeeing his Face in her Eie.

FAireſt and kindeſt of all woman-kinde:
Since you did me the vndeſerued grace,
In your faire Eye to ſhew me my bad face,
With loane *Ile* pay you in the ſelfe ſame kinde,
Looke in mine Eie, and *I* will ſhew to you,
The faireſt face that heauens Eie doth view.

But the ſmall worthleſſe Glaſſe of my dimme Eie,
Scarce ſhewes the Picture of your heau'nly face,
Which yet each ſlighteſt turne doth ſtrait deface,
But could, O cou'd you once my hart eſpie,
Your forme at large you there engrau'd ſhold ſee,
Which, nor by Time, nor Death can razed be.

MADRIGAL XII.

Vpon her hiding her face from him.

Goe wayling Accents, goe,
With my warme teares and ſcalding teares attended,
To th'Author of my woe,
And humb'ly aske her, why ſhe is offended.
Say Deere, why hide you ſo,
From him your bleſſed Eyes,
Where he beholds his earthly Paradiſe,
Since he hides not from you
His hart, wherein Loues beau'n you may view?

MADRIGAL XIII.

Vpon her Beauty and Inconſtancie.

Whoſoeuer longs to trie,
Both Loue and Iealouſie,
My faire vnconſtant Ladie let him ſee:
And he will ſoone a iealous Louer be.

Then he by proofe ſhall know,
As I doe to my woe,
How they make my poore hart at once to dwell,
In fire and froſt, in beau'n and in hell.

A Dialogue betweene a Louers flaming hart, and his Ladies frozen Breaſt.

Hart. Shut not (ſweete Breaſt) to ſee me all of fire.
Breaſt. Flie not (deere Hart) to finde me all of ſnowe.
Hart Thy ſnow inflames theſe flames of my deſire.
Breaſt. And I deſire, Deſires ſweete flames to know.

Hart

He. Thy ſnow n'ill hurt me, *Br.* Nor thy fire will harme me.
He. This cold will coole me, *Br.* And this heate wil warme
(me.
Hart Take this chaſte fire to that pure virgine ſnow,
Breaſt Being now thus warm'd, Ile nere ſeeke other fire;
Hart Thou giu'ſt more bliſſe thã mortall harts may know,
Breaſt More bliſſe I take than Angels can deſire.

Both together.

Let one ioy fill vs, as one greefe did harme vs,
Let one death kill vs, as one loue doth warme vs.

ELEGIE. 3

For what cauſe he obtaines not his Ladies fauour.

Deere, why hath my long loue, and faith vntained,
At your faire hands no grace at all obtained?

Iſt, that my Pocke-hold face doth beauty lacke?
No: Your ſweete Sex, ſweete beauty praiſeth
Ours, wit and valour chiefly raiſeth.
Iſt, that my muſk-leſſe cloaths are plaine and blacke?
No: What wiſe Lady loues fine noddies,
With poore-clad mindes, and rich-clad bodies?
Iſt, that no coſtly gifts mine Agents are?
No: My true Heart which I preſent you,
Should more than golde or pearle content you.
Iſt, that my Verſes want inuention rare?
No: I was neuer skilfull Poet,
I truly loue, and plainly ſhow it.
Iſt, That *I* vaunt, or am effeminate?
O ſcornefull vices! *I* abhorre you,
Dwell ſtill in Court, the place fit for you.
Iſt, That you feare my loue ſoone turnes to hate?
No: Though diſdain'd, *I* can hate neuer,
But lou'd, where once I loue, loue euer.

Iſt,

Is That your fauours iealous Eies ſuppreſſe?
No: onely vertue neuer-ſleeping,
Both your faire Mindes and Bodies keeping.
Is That to many moe I loue profeſſe?
Goddeſſe, you haue my harts oblation,
And no Saint elſe lippes inuocation.

No, none of theſe: The cauſe I now diſcouer;
No woman loues a faithfull worthy Louer.

A Quatrain.

IF you reward my loue with loue againe,
My bliſſe, my life, my heau'n I will deeme you,
But if you proudly quite it with diſdaine,
My curſe, my death, my hell I muſt eſteeme you.

SONNET X

To a worthy Lord (now dead) vpon preſenting him for a New-yeeres gift, with Cæſars *Commentaries and* Cornelius Tacitus.

WOrthily, famous Lord, whoſe vertues rare,
Set in the golde of neuer-ſtain'd Nobility,
And noble minde ſhining in true humilitie,
Make you admir'd of all that vertuous are:
If as your Sword with enuy imitates
Great *Cæſars* Sword in all his deeds victorious,
So your learn'd Pen would ſtriue to be glorious,
And write your Acts perform'd in Forrein States;
Or if ſome one with the deepe wit inſpir'd,
Of matchles *Tacitus* would them hiſtorifie,
Then *Cæſars* works ſo much we ſhould not glorifie,
And *Tacitus* would be much leſſe deſir'd.

But

But till your ſelfe, or ſome ſuch put them forth,
Accept of theſe as Pictures of your worth.

To SAMVEL DANIEL *Prince of Engliſh Poets.*

Vpon his three ſeuerall ſorts of Poeſie.

Liricall, in his Sonnets.
Tragicall, in Roſamond & Cleopatra.
Heroicall, in his Ciuill Warres.

O *Lympias* matchleſſe Sonne, when as he knew
How many crownes his fathers ſword had gain'd,
With ſmoaking ſighs, and deep fetch ſobs did rew,
And his braue cheekes with ſcalding teares bedew,
Becauſe that kingdomes now ſo few remain'd,
By his victorious Arme to be obtain'd.

So (Learned *Daniel*) when as thou didſt ſee,
That *Spencer* erſt ſo farre had ſpred his fame,
That he was Monark deem'd of Poeſie,
Thou didſt (I geſſe) euen burne with iealouſie,
Leſt Lawrell were not left enough to frame,
A neaſt ſufficient for thine endleſſe Name.

But as that Pearle of *Greece*, ſoone after paſt
In wondrous conqueſts his renowned fire,
And others all, whoſe names by Fame are plac't
In higheſt ſeate: So hath thy Muſe ſurpaſt
Spenſer, and all that doe with hot deſire,
To the Thunder-ſcorning Lawrel-crown aſpire.

And as his Empires linked force was knowne,
When each of thoſe that did his Kingdoms ſhare,
The mightieſt Kings in might, did match alone:
So of thy skill the greatneſſe thus is ſhowne,

That

That each of thoſe, great Poets deemed are,
Who may in no one kinde with thee cõpare.

One ſharde out *Greece* another *Aſia* held,
And fertile *Egypt* to a third did fall,
But onely *Alexander* all did wield.
So in ſoft pleaſing Liricks ſome are skild,
In Tragicke ſome, ſome in Heroicall,
But thou alone art matchleſſe in them all.

Non equidem inuideo, miror magis.

Three Epitaphs vpon the death of a rare Child of ſix yeares old.

1

Wits perfection, Beauties wonder,
Natures pride, the graces treaſure
Vertues hope, his friends ſole pleſure,
This ſmall Marble ſtone lies vnder.
Which is often moyſt with teares,
For ſuch loſſe, in ſuch yong yeares.

2

Louely Boy, thou art not dead,
But from Earth to Heauen fled,
For bale Earth was far vnfit,
For thy Beauty, Grace, and Wit.

3

Thou aliue on Earth ſweete Boy,
Had'ſt an Angels wit, and face:
And now dead thou doſt enioy
In high Heauen an Angels place.

An

An Inſcription for the Statue of Dido.

O moſt vnhappy Dido,
Vnhappy Wife, and more vnhappy Widow!
Vnhappy in thy Mate,
And in thy Louer more vnfortunate,
By treaſon th'one was reft thee,
By treaſon th'other left thee.
That left thee meanes to flie with,
This left thee meanes to die with.
The former being dead,
From Brothers ſword thou flieſt;
The latter being fled,
On Louers ſword thou dyeſt.

Piu merita re, che conſeguirè.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

See p. 57.
p. 59.

SONNET 1.

He demaunds pardon, for looking, louing, and writing.

LEt not (sweete Saint) let not these lines offend you,
Nor yet the Message that these lines imparte:
The Message my vnfained Loue doth send you,
Loue, which your selfe hath planted in my hart.
For beeing charm'd by the bewitching art
Of those inueagling graces which attend you,
Loues holy fire makes me breathe out in part,
The neuer-dying flames my brest doth lend you.
Then if my Lines offend, let Loue be blamed.
And if my Loue displease, accuse mine Eies,
If mine Eies sinne, their sinnes cause, only lies
On your bright eies, which haue my hart inflamed
Since eies, loue, lines, erre then by your direction,
Excuse mine Eies, my Lines, and my affection.

SONNET. 11.

Loue in Iustice punishable onely with like Loue.

BVt if my Lines may not be held excused,
Nor yet my Loue find fauour in your Eyes,
But that your Eyes as Iudges shall be vsed,
Euen of the fault which frō themselues doth rise,
Yet this my humble suite do not despise,
Let me be iudged as I stand accused,
If but my fault my doome doe equalise,
What e're it be, it shall not be refused.
And since my loue already is expressed,
And that I cannot stand vpon denial,
I freely put my selfe vpon my triall,
Let Iustice iudge me as I haue confessed:
For if my doome in Iustice scales be wayed
With equall loue my loue must be repayed.

Son-

SONNET III.

He calles his eares eyes, and hart a witnesse of her sweete voyce, beauty & inward vertuous perfections.

Fayre is thy face, and great thy wits perfection,
So fayre alas, so hard to be expreſt,
That if my tyred pen ſhould neuer reſt,
It ſhould not blaze thy worth, but my affection
Yet let me ſay, the Muſes make election
Of your pure minde, there to erect their neſt,
And that your face is ſuch a flint-hard breſt,
By force thereof, without force feeles ſubiectiō.
Witnes mine Eare, rauiſht when you it heares,
Witneſſe mine Eies rauiſht when you they ſee,
Beauty and vertue, witneſſe Eies and Eares,
In you (ſweete Saint) haue equall ſouerayntie.
But if nor Eyes, nor Eares can prooue it true,
Witneſſe my Hart, theirs none that equals you,
How they make my poore hart at once to dwell,
In fire and froſt, in heau'n and in hell.

SONNET IIII.

Praiſe of her Eies, excelling all Compariſons.

I Bend my wit, but wit cannot deuiſe,
Words fit to blaze the worth, your Eies contains,
Whoſe nameles worth their worthles name diſdains
For they in worth exceede the name of eies.
Eies they be not, but worlds in which theſe lies,
More bliſſe then this wide world beſides cōtains
Worlds they be not, but ſtarres, whoſe influence
Ouer my Life and Lifes felicities. (raignes,
Stars they be not, but Suns, whoſe preſence driues
Darknes from night, and doth bright day impart
Suns they be not, which outward heate deriues,
But theſe do inwardly inflame my hart.
Since then in Earth, nor Heauen, they equal'd dare,
I muſt confeſſe they be beyond Compare.

ODE.

ODE. I.

His lady to be condemned of ignorance or Crueltie.

AS ſhe is faire ſo faith-full *I*,
My ſeruice ſhe, her grace *I* merit,
Her beauty doth my Loue inherit,
But Grace ſhe doth deny.
O knowes ſhe not how much *I* loue?
Or doth knowledge in her moue
No ſmall Remorce?
For the guilt thereof muſt lie
Vpon one of theſe of force,
Her ignorance, or Cruelty.

As ſhe is faire, ſo cruell ſhe.
I ſowe true loue, but reape diſdaining,
Her pleaſure ſpringeth from my paining,
Which Pities ſource ſhould be.
Too well ſhe knowes how much *I* loue,
Yet doth knowledge in her moue,
No ſmall remorce.
Then the guilt thereof muſt lie
Her vndeſerued Cruelty.

As ſhe is faire, ſo were ſhe kinder
Or being cruell, could *I* wauer,
Soone ſhould *I*, either win her fauer,
Or a new Miſtreſſe finde.
But neither out alas may be,
Scorne in her, and loue in me,
So fixed are.
Yet in whom moſt blame doth lie
Iudge ſhe may, if ſhe compare
My loue vnto her Crueltie.

SONNET,

SONNET. V.

Contention of Loue and Reaſon for his Heart.

REaſon and loue lately at ſtrife contended,
Whoſe Right it was to haue my minds protection
Reaſon on his ſide Natures will pretended,
Loues title was my Miſtreſſe rare perfection.
Of power to end this ſtrife, each makes election
Reaſons prettence diſcourſiue thoughts defended,
But loue ſoon brought thoſe thoughts into ſubiection
By Beauties troopes which on my ſaint depended
Yet ſince to rule the minde was Reaſons dutie
On this Condition it by loue was rendred,
That endleſſe praiſe by reaſon ſhould be tendred,
As a due tribut to her conquering Beautie.
Reaſon was pleaſde withall, and to loues Royaltie,
He pledg'd my heart, as noſtage for his Loyaltie.

SONNET. VI.

That ſhe hath greater power ouer his happineſſe and life then either Fortune, Fate or Stars.

LEt Fate, my Fortune and my ſtarres conſpire,
Ioyntly to powre on me their worſt diſgrace,
So I be gracious in your heauenly Face,
I wey not Fates, nor ſtarres, nor Fortunes yre.
Tis not the influence of heauens Fire,
Hath power to make me bleſſed in my Race,
Nor in my happineſſe hath Fortune place,
Nor yet can Fate my poore lifes date expire.
T'is your faire Eies (my Starres all bliſſe do giue,
T'is your diſdaine (my Fate hath power to kill,
T'is you (my Fortune) make me happy liue,
Though Fortune, Fate, & Stars conſpire mine ill.
Then (bleſſed Saint) into your fauour take me,
Fortune, nor Fate, nor Stars can wretched make me

SONNET. VII.

Of his Ladies weeping.

WHat need I say how it doth wound my breſt,
By fate to be thus baniſht from thine Eies
Since your owne teares with me do Sympathize,
Pleading with ſlow departure there to reſt?
For when with floods of teares they were oppreſt,
Ouer thoſe Iuory banks they did not riſe,
Till others enuying their felicities,
Did preſſe them forth, that they might there beare reſt.
Some of which, Teares preſt forth by violence
Your lips with greedy kiſſing ſtraight did drink:
And other ſome vnwilling to part thence,
Inamour'd on your cheekes in them did ſink.
And ſome which from your Face were forc'd away,
In ſigne of Loue did on your Garments ſtay.

SONNET. VIII.

He paints out his Torment.

SWeet to my curſed life ſome fauour ſhowe,
Or let me not (accurſt in life remaine
Let not my Senſes ſence of life retaine,
Since hence doth only yeeld me ſence of woe.
For now mine Eies only your frownes do know;
Mine Eares heare nothing elſe but your diſdaine,
My lips taſte nought but teares: and ſmell is paine,
Baniſht your lips, where *Indian* Odours grow.
And my deuouted HART your beauties ſlaue,
Feeles nought but ſcorne, oppreſſions and diſtreſſe
Made cu'n of wretchednes the wretched Caue.
Nay, too too wretched for vild wretchedneſſe.
For euen ſad ſighs, as loathing there to reſt,
Struggle for paſſage from my Griefe-twolne breſt.

ODE

Ode. II

A dialogue betweene him and his Hart.

AT her faire hands how haue I grace intreated,
With praiers oft repeted,
Yet ſtill my loue is thwarted:
Hart let her goe for ſhee'l not be conuarted.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee is moſt faire though ſhe be marble harted.

How often haue my ſighs declar'd mine anguiſh?
Wherein is daylie languiſh,
Yet doth ſhe ſtill procure it:
Hart let her goe, for *I* can not endure it.
Say ſhall ſhe go?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
She gaue the wound and ſhe alone muſt cure it.

The trickling teares that down my cheeks haue flowed,
My Loue haue often ſhowed;
Yet ſtil vnkind *I* prooue her:
Hart let her goe, for nought I doe can moue her.
Say, ſhall ſhe go?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Though me ſhe hates I can not chuſe but loue her.

But ſhall ſtill a true affection owe her
Which praiers, ſighs, teares do ſhow her;
And ſhall ſhe ſtil diſdaine me?
Hart let her go, if they no grace can gaine me.
Say, ſhall ſhe go?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
She made me hers, and hers ſhe will retaine me.

But if the Loue that hath, and ſtill doth burne me,
No Loue at length returne me:
Out of my thoughts ile ſet her:
Heart let her goe, oh hart, I pray thee let her:
Say, ſhall thee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no;
Fixt in the hart, how can the hart forget her.

But If I weepe and ſigh, and often waile me,
Till teares, ſighes, praiers faile me,
Shall yet my Loue perſeuer?
Hart let her goe, if ſhe will right thee neuer.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
Teares, ſighes, praiers faile, but true loue laſteth euer.

SONNET VII. IX.

His Sighes and Teares are bootleſſe.

I Haue entreated, and I haue complained,
I haue diſpraiſ'd, and praiſe I likewiſe gaue,
All meanes to win her Grace I tryed haue,
And ſtill I loue and ſtill I am diſdained.
So long I haue my Tongue and Pen conſtrained,
To praiſe, diſpraiſe, complaine, and pitty craue,
That now nor Tongue, nor Pen, to me her ſlaue
Remaines, wherby her Grace may be obtained.
Yet you (my Sighs) may purchaſe me reliefe
And yee (my teares) her rockie hart may moue;
Therfore my ſighes ſigh in her eare my griefe,
And in her hart my teares imprint my loue.
But ceaſe vaine ſighes, ceaſe, ceaſe yee fruitles teares,
Teares cannot pierce her hart nor ſighes her eares.

SON-

SONNET. VIII

Her Beautie makes him leaue euen in diſpaire.

WOunded with Griefe, I weep & ſigh & plaine,
Yet neither plaints, nor ſighs nor teares do good
But all in vaine *I* ſtriue againſt the flood,
Gaining but griefe for griefe, and paine for pain.
Yet though in vaine my teares my cheekes diſdaine,
Leauing ingrauen Sorrow where they ſtood;
And though my ſighs conſuming vp my blood,
For Loue deſeru'd, reape vndeſeru'd Diſdaine
And though in vaine I know *I* beg remorce
At your remorceleſſe hart more hard then ſteele;
Yet ſuch (alas) ſuch is your beauties force,
Charming my Sence that though this hell *I* feele,
Though neither plaints, nor ſighs nor teares can moue you
Yet muſt I ſtill perſiſt euer to loue you.

SONNET IX.

Why her Lips yeeld him no words of Comfort.

OFt doo *I* plaine, and ſhe my plaints doth reed
Which in black colors do paint forth my woe,
So that of force ſhe muſt my ſorrow know:
And know, for her diſdaine my hart doth bleed.
And knowledge muſt of force ſome pittie breed,
Which makes me hope, ſhe wil ſome fauour ſhow
And from her ſugred lips cauſe comfort flow
Into mine Eares my hart with ioy to feed:
Yet though ſhe reads, and reading knowes my griefe
And knowledge moues her pitie my diſtreſſe,
Yet do her lips, ſweet lips yeeld no reliefe.
Much do I muſe but find no cauſe but this,
That in her lips her heauenly lips that kiſſe them,
Her words loth thence to part, ſtay there to kiſſe them.

Sonnet. X. xii.

Comparison of his hart to a Tempest-beaten Ship.

Like a Sea-tossed Barke with tackling spent,
And Starres obscur'd his watrie iornies guide,
By loud tempestious windes and raging tide,
From waue to waue with dreadfull fury sent,
Fares my poore hart my hart-strings being rent,
And quite disabled your fierce wrath to bide,
Since your faire Eies my stars themselues do hide,
Clouding their light in frownes and discontent
For from your frownes do spring my sighs and teares,
Teares flow like seas and sighs like winds do bloe
Whose ioyned rage most violently beares,
My tempest-beaten hart from woe to woe,
And if your Eies shine not that *I* may shun it,
On Rock, dispaire, my sighs and teares wil run it.

Elegie

To his Lady, who had vowed Virginitie.

1

Ev'n as my hand my Pen and Paper laies,
My trembling hand my Pen from Paper staies,
Lest that thine eies which shining made me loue you
Should frowning on my suite bid cease to moue you,
So that *I* feare like one at his wits end,
Hoping to gaine, and fearing to offend.
What pleaseth Hope, the same Dispaire mislikes,
What Hope sets downe, those lines dispaire out strikes,
So that my nursing-murthering Pen affords,
A Graue and Cradle to my new-borne words.
But whil'st like cloudes tost vp and downe the aire,
I racked hang twixt Hope and sad Dispaire,
Dispaire is beaten vanquisht from the field,
And vnto conqring Hope my hart doth yeeld.

For

3

For when mine Eies vnpartially are fixed,
On thy Roſe cheekes with Lillies intermixed
And on thy forehead like a cloud of ſnow,
From vnder which thine eies like Sunnes do ſhow,
And all thoſe parts which curiouſlie do meet,
Twixt thy large-ſpreading haire and pretie feet,
Yet looking on them all diſcerne no one,
That owes not homage vnto *Cupids* Throne;
Then Chaſtitie (me thinks) no claime ſhould lay
To this faire Realme, vnder Loues ſceptres ſway.
For only to the Queene of amorous pleaſure
Belongs thy Beauties tributarie treaſure;
(Treaſure, which doth more than thoſe riches pleaſe
For which men plow long furrowes in the Seas)
If you were wrinkled olde or Natures ſcorne,
Or time your Beauties colours, had out-worne;
Or were you mued vp from gazing Eies,
Like to a cloiſtred Nunne which liuing dies
Then might you wait on Chaſtities pale Queene,
Not being faire, or being faire, not ſeene.

3

But you are faire ſo paſſing paſſing faire,
That loue I muſt, though louing I diſpaire,
For when I law your Eies (O curſed bliſſe!
Whoſe light I would not leaue, nor yet would miſſe,
(For t'is their life alone by which I liue,
And yet their ſight alone my deaths wound giue.)

4

Looking vpon your harts-entangling looke,
I like a heedleſſe Bird was ſnar'de and tooke.
It lies not in our will to hate or loue,
For Natures influence our will doth moue.
And loue of Beautie, Nature hath inated,
In Harts of men when firſt they were created.

For eu'n as Riuers to the Ocean run,
Returning back from whence they first begun.
Or as the Skie about the Earth doth wheele,
Or giddy Aire like to a drunkard reele.
So with the course of Nature doth agree,
That Eies which beauties Adamant do see.
Should on affections line trembling remaine,
True-subiect-like eying their Soueraigne.

5

If of mine Eies you also could bereaue me,
As you alredie of my hart deceiue me.
Or could shut vp my rauisht Eares through which
You likewise did m'inchaunted hart bewitch.
Or had in absence both these ills combind:
(For by your absence I am deafe and blind.
and neither Eares nor Eies in ought delight
But in your charming speach and gratious sight)
To root out Loue al meanes you can inuent.
Were all but labour lost and time ill spent:
For as the sparkes being spent with fire procure:
The fire doth brightlie burning still indure.
Through Absence so your sparkling Eies remoue,
My hart still burnes in endles flames of Loue.

6

Then striue nor gainst the streame to none effect.
But let due Loue yeeld Loue a due respect.
Nor seek to ruine what your selfe begun
Or loose a knot that cannot be vndun
But vnto *Cupids* bent conforme your will,
For will you nill you *I* must loue you still.
But if your will did swim with reasons tide,
Or followed Natures neuer-erring guide.
It cannot chuse but bring you vnto this,
To tender that which by you goten is.
VVhy were you faire to be beloughte of many
If you liue chast not be wonne of any?

For

For if that Nature loue to Beautie offers,
And Beauty ſhunne the loue that Nature proffers:
Then, either vniuſt Beauty is too blame,
With ſcorne to quench a lawfull kindled flame,
Or elſe vnlawfully if loue we maſt,
And be vnlou'd, then Nature is vniuſt.
Vniuſtly then Nature hath harts created,
There to loue moſt, where moſt their loue is hated,
And flattering them with a faire-ſeeming ill,
To poyſon them with Beauties ſugred Pill.

7

Thinke you that Beauties admirable worth
Was to no end, or idle end brought forth?
No no; from Nature neuer deede did paſſe,
But it by wiſedomes hand ſubſcribed was.
But you in vaine are faire, if faire, not viewed,
Or beeing ſeene, mens hearts be not ſubdewed,
Or making each mans hart your Beauties thrall,
You be enioyed of no one at all.
For as the Lions ſtrength to ſeize his pray,
And fearefull Hares light-foote to runne away,
Are as an Idle Talent but abuſed,
And fruitleſſe had, if had, they be not vſed.
So you in vaine haue Beauties bonds to ſhow,
By which, mens Eies engag'd Harts doe owe,
If Time ſhall cancell them before you gaine
Th'indebted Tribute to your Beauties raigne.

8

But if (theſe Reaſons beeing vainely ſpent)
You fight it out to the laſt Argument;
Tell me but how one body can encloſe,
As louing friends two deadly hating foes?
But when as Contraries are mixt together,
The colour made, doth differ much from either.
Whilſt mutually at ſtrife they doe impeach
The gloſſe and luſtre proper vnto each,

So, where one body ioyntly doth inueſt
An Angels face, and cruell Tygers breſt,
There dieth both Allegeance and command,
For ſelf-deuided kingdomes cannot ſtand.
But as a childe that knowes not what is what,
Now craueth this, and now affecteth that,
And hauing wayes, not that which he requires,
But is vnpleaſde, euen in his pleaſde deſires:
Chaſte Beauty ſo, both will, and will not haue
The ſelf-ſame thing it childiſhly doth craue:
And wanton-like, now Loue, now Hate affecteth,

9

And Loue, or Hate obtain'd as faſt neglecteth.
So (like the Webb *Penelope* did weaue,
Which made by day, ſhe did at night vnreaue)
Fruitleſſe affections endleſſe threede is ſpunne,
At one ſelfe inſtant twiſted, and vndone.
Nor yet is this chaſte Beauties greateſt ill,
For where it ſpeaketh faire, it there doth kill.
A Marble hart vnder an amorous looke,
Is of a flattering baite the murthering hooke:
For from a Ladies ſhining-frowning Eyes,
Deaths ſable Darte, and *Cupids* Arrow flies.

10

Since then, from Chaſtity and Beauty ſpring,
Such muddy ſtreames, where each doth raigne as King;
Let Tyrant Chaſtities vſurped Throne,
Be made the ſeate of Beauties grace alone:
And let your Beauty be with this ſuffiz'd,
That my harts Cittie is by it ſurpriz'd:
Raze not my Hart, not to your Beauty raiſe,
Blood-guilded Trophees of your Beauties praiſe,
For wiſeſt Conquerors doe Townes deſire,
On honourable termes and not with fire.

Son-

SONNET. XI. XIII

That he cannot leaue to loue, though commanded.

HOw can my Loue in equitie be blamed,
Still to importune though it ne're obtayne,
Since though her face and voice will me refraine,
Yet by her voice and Face I am inflamed?
For when (alas) her face with frownes is framed,
To kill my Loue, but to reuiue my paine:
And when her voice commands, but all in vaine,
That Loue both leaue to be, and to be named.
Her *Syren* voice doth such enchantment moue,
And though she frowne, eu'n frownes so louely make (her
That *I* of force am forced still to loue.
Since that I must, and yet cannot forsake her,
My fruitlesse prayers shall cease in vaine to moue her,
But my deuoted Hart ne're cease to moue her.

SONNET XII. XIV

He desires leaue to write of his Loue.

MVst my deuoted Hart desist to loue her?
No, loue *I* may, but I may not confesse it.
What harder thing than loue, and yet depresse it?
Loue most conceal'd, doth most it selfe discouer.
Had I no pen to shew that *I* approue her,
Were I tong-tide that I might not addresse it,
In Plaints and Prayr's vnfained to expresse it,
Yet could I not my deepe affection couer,
Had I no pen, my very teares would show it,
Which write my true affection in my face.
Were I tong-tide, my sighs, would make her know it,
Which witnes that *I* grieue at my disgrace.
Since then, though silent, I my loue discouer,
O let my pen haue leaue to say, I loue her!

Dead

Quid plumâ levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.

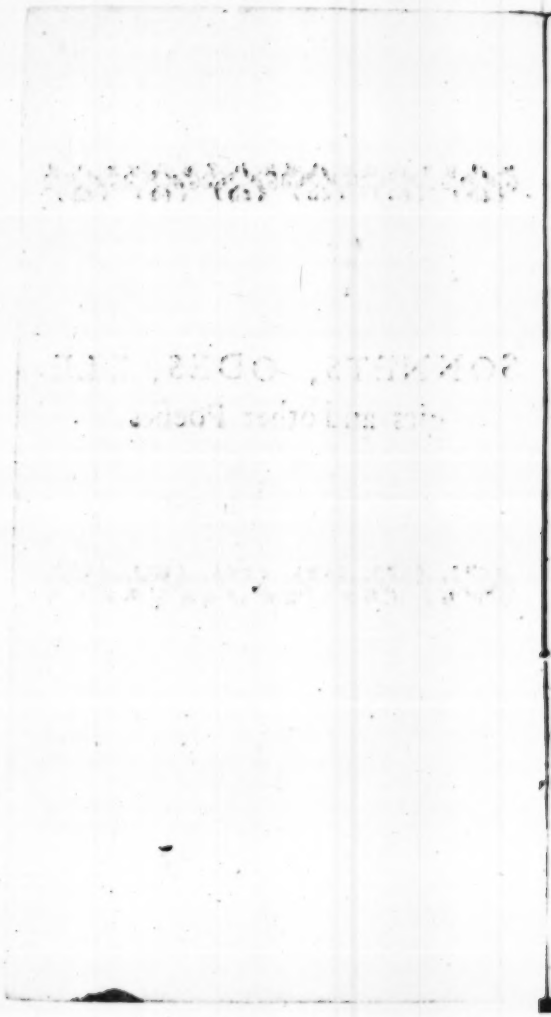
Tranſlated thus.

DVſt is lighter than a Feather,
And the Winde more light than eather.
But a Womans fickle minde,
More than Feather, Duſt, or Winde.

W. D.

See p. 28

SONNETS, ODES, ELEgies and other Poesies.



THREE SONNETS FOR A

Proeme to the Poems following.

That Love onely made him a Poet, and that all sortes of Verses, both in Rime and Measure, agree with his Ladie.

SONNET I.

SOme men they say, are Poets borne by kinde,
And suck that science from their mothers breste
An easie Arte that comes with so great reste,
And happy men to so good hap assignde.
In some, desire of praise enflames the minde,
To clyme with paine *Parnassus* double creste:
Some hope of rich Rewards hath so possest,
That Gold, in Castall Sandes, they seeke to finde.
Me, neither Nature hath a Poet made,
Nor loue of Glory mou'de to learne the trade,
Nor thirst of Golde perswaded me to write;
For Natures graces are too fine for mee,
Praise like the Peacocks pride her selfe to see,
Desire of Gaine the baseste mindes delight.

Son-

SONNET II.

VVHat mou'd me then? ſay Loue, for thou canſt tell;
Of thee I learnd this skill, if skill I haue.
Thou knowſt the Muſe, whoſe helpe I alwaies craue
Is none of thoſe that on *Parnaſſus* dwell.
My muſe is ſuch as doth them all excell,
They all to her alone their cunning gaue,
To ſing, to dance, to play, to make ſo braue;
Thrice threefold Graces her alone befell.
From her do flow the ſtreames that water me,
Hers is the praiſe, if I a Poet bee;
Her only looke both will and skill doth giue.
What maruaile then if I thoſe lawes refuſe,
Which other Poets in their making vſe,
Since by her lookes I write, by which I liue?

SONNET III.

THus am I free from lawes that other binde,
Who diuerſe verſe to diuerſe matter frame,
All kinde of Stiles doe ſerue my Ladies name,
What they in all the world, in her I finde.
The lofty Verſe doth ſhew her noble minde,
By which ſhe quencheth Loues enraged flame,
Sweete Liricks ſing her heauenly beauties fame,
The tender Elege ſpeakes her pitty kinde.
In mournfull Tragick Verſe for her I die,
In Comicke ſhee reuiues me with her eye,
All ſerue my Goddeſſe both for mirth & mone,
Ech looke ſhe caſts doth breede both peace & ſtrife,
Each word ſhe ſpeaks doth cauſe both death & life,
Out of my ſelfe I liue in her alone.

ODE

Ode 1.

Where his Lady keepes his hart.

SWeete Loue, mine only treaſure
For ſeruice long vnfained,
Wherein I nought haue gained,
Vouchſafe this little pleaſure,
To tell me in what parte,
My Lady keepes my harte.

If in her haire ſo ſlender,
Like golden nets vntwined,
Which fire and art haue fined,
Her thrall my hart I render,
For euer to abide
With locks ſo daintie tide.

If in her eies ſhe binde it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it;
I only wiſh it ſighs,
To ſee that pleaſant light.

But if her breaſt haue dained
With kindnes to receiue it,
I am content to leaue it,
Though death thereby were gained:
Then Lady take your owne,
That liues for you alone.

To

To her Eies.

FAine would I learne of thee thou murth'ring Eie,
Whether thy glance be fire, or elſe a dart:
For with thy looke in flames thou mak'ſt me frie,
And with the ſame thou ſtrik'ſt me to the hart.
Pierſt with thy lookes *I* burne in fire,
And yet thoſe lookes I ſtill deſire.

The flie that buzzeth round about the flame
Knowes not (poore Soule) ſhe gets her death thereby,
I ſee my death, and ſeeing, ſeeke the ſame,
And ſeeking, finde, and finding, chuſe to die.
That when thy lookes my life haue ſlaine,
Thy lookes may giue me life againe.

Turne then to me thoſe ſparkling Eyes of thine,
And with their firy glances pierce my hart,
Quench not my light, leaſt I in darkneſſe pine,
Strike deepe and ſpare not, pleaſant is the ſmart.
So by thy lookes my life be ſpilt,
Kill me as often as thou wilt.

ODE II.

The more fauour he obtaines, the more he deſires.

AS ſoone may water wipe me dry,
And fire my heate allay,
As you with fauour of your eye,
Make hott deſire decay.
The more I haue,
The more *I* craue;
The more *I* craue, the more deſire,
As piles of wood encreaſe the fire.

The

The ſenceleſſe ſtone that from on hie
Deſcends to Earth below,
With greater haſt it ſelfe doth plie,
The leſſe it hath to goe
So feeles deſire
Encreaſe of fire,
That ſtill with greater force doth burne,
Till all into it ſelfe it turne.

The greater fauour you beſtow,
The ſweeter my delight;
And by delight Deſire doth grow,
And growing gathers might.
The leſſe remaines,
The more my paines,
To ſee my ſelfe ſo neere the brinke,
And yet my fill I cannot drinke.

Loue the onely price of loue.

THe faireſt Pearles that Northerne Seas doe breede,
For pretious ſtones from Eaſterne coaſts are ſold,
Nought yeelds the earth that from exchange is freede,
Gold valews all, and all things valew Gold.
Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
There greatnes ſerues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare ſo high a price,
But that with mortall thing it may be bought,
The corne of *Sicill* buies the weſterne ſpice,
French wine of vs, of them our cloth is ſought.
No pearles, no gold, no ſtones, no corne, no ſpice,
No cloth, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
Nought ſaue it ſelfe, ev'n ſuch a thing is Loue.

All

All worldly wealth in worth as far doth faile,
As loweſt earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.
Diuine is loue, and ſcorneth worldly pelfe,
And can be bought with nothing, but with ſelfe.

Such is the price my louing hart would pay,
Such is the pay thy Loue doth claime as due.
Thy due is Loue, which I (poore I) aſſay,
In vaine aſſay to quite with friendſhip true:
True is my Loue, and true ſhall euer be,
And trueſt Loue is farre too baſe for thee.

Loue but thy ſelfe, and loue thy ſelfe alone,
For ſaue thy ſelfe, none can thy loue requite:
All mine thou haſt, but all as good as none,
My ſmall deſart muſt take a lower flight.
Yet if thou wilt vouchſafe my hart ſuch bliſſe,
Accept it for thy Priſner as it is.

His hart arraigned of Theft, and acquitted.

MY hart was found within my Ladies areſt,
Cloſe coucht for feare that no man might him ſee
On whom ſuſpect did ſerue a ſtraight Arreſt,
And Felon-like he muſt arraigned be.
What could he meane ſo cloſely there to ſtay,
But by deceipt to ſteale her hart away?

The Bench was ſet, the Priſoner forth was brought,
My Miſtreſſe ſelfe cheeſe Iudge to heare the cauſe:
Th'Enditemẽt read, by which his blood was ſought,
That he (poore hart) by ſtealth had broke the lawes:
His Plea was ſuch as each man might deſcry,
For grace and ruth were read in neather Eye.

Yet forc'd to ſpeake, his father Plea was this,

That

That ſore purſu'de by me that ſought his blood,
becauſe ſo oft his preſence I did miſs,
Whilſt as he ſaid, he labour'd for my good:
He void of helpe to haue his harmes redreſt,
Tooke Sanctuary in her ſacred breſt.

The gentle Iudge that ſawe his true intent,
And that his cauſe did touch her honour neere,
Since he from me to her for ſuccour went:
That ruth might raigne, where rigour did appeare,
Gaue ſentence thus: that if he there would bide,
That place was made, a guiltleſſe hart to hide.

MADRIGAL 1.

THine Eyes ſo bright
Bereft my ſight,
When firſt I viewed thy face,
So now my light
*I*s turnd to night,
I ſtray from place to place.
Then guide me of thy kindneſſe,
So ſhall I bleſſe my blindneſſe.

PHALEVCIAKS. 1.

TIme nor place did I want, what held me tongride?
VVhat charmes, what magicall abuſed Altars?
Wherefore wiſht I ſo oft that hower vnhappy,
When with freedome *I* might recount my torments,
And plead for remedy by true lamenting?
Dumbe, nay dead in a trance I ſtood amazed,
When thoſe lookes I beheld that late *I* long'd for:
No ſpeech, no memory, no life remained,

Now

Now ſpeech preteth apace, my greefe bewraying,
Now booteleſſe memory my plaints remembreth,
Now life mouth againe, but all auailes not.
Speech, life, and memory die altogether,
With ſpeech, life, memory, Loue onely dies not.

Deadly Sweetnes.

SWeete thoughts, the foode on which I feeding ſterue,
Sweete teares, the drink that more augments my thirſt
Sweete Eies, the ſtars by which my courſe doth ſwerue
Sweete hope, my death, which waſt my life at firſt.
Sweete thoughts, ſweete teares, ſweete hope, ſweete eies,
How chance that death in ſweetnes lies?

MADRIGAL. II.

Verball Loue.

IF Loue be made of words, as woods of Trees,
Who more belou'd then I?
If Loue be hotte where true deſire doth freeze,
Who more then ſhe doth frie?
Are droanes that make no hony counted Bees?
Is running water drie?
Is that a gainefull trade that has no fees,
He liue, that dead doth lie?
What elſe but blinde is he, that nothing ſees,
But deafe that heares no cry?
Such is her vowed loue to me,
Yet muſt I thinke it true to bee.

Ladies

Ladies eyes ſerue Cupid both for Darte and Fire.

OFt haue I muſ'd the cauſe to finde,
Why Loue in Ladies eies doth dwell:
I thought, becauſe himſelfe was blinde,
He lookt that they ſhould guide him well.
And ſure his hope but ſeldome failes,
For Loue by Ladies eies preuailes.

But time, at laſt, hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deere,
For by her Eies my hart is hit,
Deepe is the wound though none appeere,
Their glauncing beames as darts he throwes,
And ſure he hath no ſhafts but thoſe.

I muſ'de to ſee their eies ſo bright,
And little thought they had beene fire;
I gazde vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred deſire;
What better place can Loue require,
Than that where grow both ſhafts & fire?

Loues Contrarieties.

I Smile ſometimes amids my greateſt griefe,
Not for Delight, for that long ſince is fled,
Deſpaire did ſhut the Gate againſt releefe,
When Loue at firſt, of death the ſentence read.
But yet I ſmile ſometimes in midſt of paine,
To thinke what toyes do toſſe my troubled head
How moſt I wiſh, that moſt I ſhould refraine,
And ſeeke the thing that leaſt I long to finde,
And finde the wound by which my hart is ſlaine
Yet want both skill and will to eaſe my minde.

Againſt

Againſt my will I burne with free conſent,
I liue in paine, and in my paine delight,
I cry for death, yet am to liue content,
I hate the day, yet neuer wiſh for night,
I freeze for colde, and yet refrayne the fire:
I long to ſee, and yet I ſhunne her ſight,
I ſcalde in Sunne, and yet no ſhade deſire,
I liue by death, and yet I with to die,
I feele no hurte, and yet for helpe enquire,
I die by life, and yet my life deſie.

Heu, cogor voti neſcius eſſe mei.

Ode III.

Deſire and hope.

DEſire and Hope haue mou'd my minde,
To ſeeke for that I cannot finde:
Aſſured faith in woman-kinde,
And Loue with loue rewarded:
Selfe-loue, all but himſelfe diſdaines,
Suſpect as chiefeſt vertue raignes,
Deſire of change vnchang'd remaines,
So light is Loue regarded.

True friendſhip is a naked name,
That idle braines in paſtime frame,
Extreames are alwaies worthy blame,
Enough is common kindnes.

What floods of teares do Louers ſpend?
What ſighes from out their harts they ſend?
How many may, and will not mend?
Loue is a wilfull blindneſſe.
What is the loue they ſo deſire?
Like Loue for Loue, and equall fire:

Good

Good louing wormes, which loue require,
And know not when they haue it.
Is Loue in words? faire words may faine.
Is Loue in lookes? ſweet lookes are vaine;
Both theſe in common kindnes raigne,
Yet few or none ſo craue it.

Thou wouldſt be lou'd and that of one;
For vice? thou maiſt ſeeke loue of none,
For virtue? why of her alone?
I ſay no more, ſpeake you that know the truth,
If ſo great loue be aught but heate of youth?

MADRIGAL III.

Her praiſe is in her want.

SHe only is the pride of Natures skill;
In none but her, all Graces friendly meet.
In all ſaue her, may *Cupid* haue his will,
By none but her, is fancie vndet feet.
Moſt ſtrange of all her praiſe is in her want,
Her HEART that ſhould be fleſh, is ADAMANT.

Laudo quod Lugeo.

Her outward leſſure deceaſing his inward hope.

SMooth are thy lookes, ſo is the deepeſt ſtreame?
Soft are thy lips, ſo is the ſwallowing Sand.
Faire is thy ſight, but like vnto a dreame;
Sweet is thy promiſe, but it will not ſtand.
Smooth, ſoft, faire, ſweet, to them that lightly touch,
Rough, hard, foule, ſowre to them that take too much.

Thy lookes ſo ſmooth haue drowne away my ſight,
Who would haue thought that hookes could to be hid?

Thy lips ſo ſoft haue fretted my delight,
Before I once ſuſpected what they did.
Thy face ſo faire hath burnt me with deſire,
Thy words ſo ſweet were bellowes for the fire.

And yet I loue the lookes that made me blinde,
And like to kiſſe the lippes that fret my life,
In heate of fire an eaſe of heate I finde,
And greateſt peace in midſt of greateſt ſtriſe.
That if my choyce were now to make againe,
I would not haue this ioy without this paine.

PHALEVCIACKS II.

HOw, or where haue I loſt my ſelfe? vnhappy!
Dead, nor liue am I neither, and yet am both.
Through diſpaire am I dead, by hope reuiued,
Weeping wake I the night from eue to morning,
Sighing waſte I the day from morne to euening.
Teares are drink to my thirſt, by teares I thirſt more
Sighes are meate that I eate, I hunger eating,
Might I, O that I might reſtraine my feeding,
Soone would eaſe to my hart by death be purchaſt.
Life and light do I lacke, when I behold not
Thoſe bright beames of her Eies, *Apollo* darkning:
Life and light do I looſe when I behold them,
All as Snow by the Sun reſolu'd to water.
Death and life I receiue her Eies beholding;
Death and life I refuſe not in beholding,
So that, dead or aliue I may behold them.

L'ENVOY *in rymes Phaleuciacks.*

MVſe not, Lady, to read ſo ſtrange a Meeter,
Strange griefe, ſtrange remedy for eaſe requireth
When ſweet ioy did abound, I writ the ſweeter,

Now that weareth away, my Muse retireth!
In you lyes it alone to cure my sadnesse,
And therewith to reuiue my hart with gladnesse.

SONNET IIII.

Desire hath conquered Reuenge.

WRong'd by Desire I yeelded to disdaine,
Who cal'd Reuenge to worke my spite therby.
Rash was Reuenge and sware, Desire should die
No price nor praier his pardon might obtaine.
Downe to my Hart in rage he hastes amaine,
And stops each passage lest Desire should flie:
Within my Eares disdainfull words did lie,
Proud lookes did keepe mine Eies with scornfull traine.
Desire that earst but flickred in my breast,
And wanton-like now prickt, now gaue me rest,
For feare of death sunke deeper in my hart,
There raignes he now, and there wil raigne alone
Desire is iealous, and giues part to none,
Nor he from me, nor I from him can start.

That he is vnchangeable.

THe loue of change hath chang'd the world throughout
And nought is counted good, but what is strange;
New things waxe olde, olde new, all turne about,
And all things change, except the loue of Change.
Yet feele I not this loue of change in me,
But as I am, so will I alwaies be.

For who can change that likes his former choyce
Who better wish, that knowes he hath the best?
How can the hart in things vnknowne reioyce,
If ioy well tride can bring no certaine rest?
My choice is made, change hee that list for me,
Such as I am, so will I alwaies be.

Who euer chang'd and not confeſt his want?
And who conteit his want and not his woe?
Then change who liſt, thy woe ſhall not be ſcant
Within thy ſelfe thou feedſt thy mortall foe.
Change cals for change, no end, no eaſe for thee,
Then as *I* am, ſo will *I* alwaies be.

Mine eies confeſſe they haue their wiſhed ſight,
My heart affirmes it feeles the loue it ſought.
Mine inward thoughts are fed with true delight,
Which full conſent of conſtant ioy hath wrought.
And full Content deſires no change to ſee,
Then as *I* am ſo will I alwaies bee.

Reſt then (my hart) and keep thine old delight,
Which like the Phœnix waxeth yong each day:
Each houre preſents new pleaſure to my ſight,
More cauſe of ioy encreaſeth eu'ry way.
True loue with age doth daily cleerer ſee,
Then as *I* am, ſo will *I* alwaies bee.

What gain'd faire *Creſſide* by her faithleſſe change,
But loſſe of fame, of beautie, health, and life?
Marke *Iaſons* hap, that euer lou'd to range,
That loſt his children and his princely wife.
Then Change farewell thou art no Mate for me,
But as *I* am, ſo will I alwaies be.

Iamais autre.

To his Eies.

VNhappy Eies the cauſers of my paine,
That to my foe betrai'd my ſtrongeſt hold,
Wherein he like a Tyrant now doth raigne
And boaſts of winning that which treaſon ſould.
Too late you call for help of me in vaine,

whom

Whom Loue hath bound in chaines of massie gould
The teares you shed increase my hote desire,
As water on the Smithie kindles fire.
The sighs that from my hart ascend,
Like winde disperse the flame throughout my brest,
No part is left to harbour quiet rest,
I burne in fire and do not spend;
Like him, whose growing maw,
The vulture still doth gnaw.

ODE. IIII

Vpon visiting his Lady by Moon-light.

THe night say all, was made to rest,
And so say I, but not for all.
To them the darkest nights are best,
Which giue them leaue a sleep to fall
But I that seek my rest by light
Hate sleep and praise the cleerest night.

Bright was the Moone, as bright as day,
And *Venus* glistred in the West,
Whose light did leade the ready way,
That brought me to my wished rest:
Then each of them encreast their light,
While Linioy'd her heauenly sight.

Say, gentle Dames, what mou'd your minde
To shine so bright aboue your wont?
Would *Phœbe* faire *Endimion* finde?
Would *Venus* see *Adonis* hunt?
No no, you feared by her sight,
To loose the praise of Beautie bright.

At laſt, for ſhame you ſhrunke away,
And thought to reaue the world of light:
Then ſhone my Dame with brighter ray,
Then that which comes from *Phœbus* light:
None other light but hers I praiſe,
Whoſe nights are cleerer then the daies.

Vpon her abſence.

THe ſummer Sun that ſcalds the ground with heate,
and burns the Graſſe, and dries the Riuers ſource,
VVith milder beames, the fartheſt earth doth beate,
VVhen through the frozen Goate he runs his courſe.
The fire that burnes what euer comes to hand,
Doth hardly heate that fartheſt off doth ſtand.

Not ſo, the heate that ſets my hart on fire,
By diſtance, ſlakes, and lets me coole againe:
But ſtill, the farther off the more deſire,
The abſent fire doth burne with hotter paine.
My Ladies preſence burnt me vvith deſire,
Her abſence turnes me into flaming fire.

VVho ſo hath ſeene the flame that burneth bright,
By outward colde in narrow roome ſuppreſt,
Encreaſe in heate and rage with greater might,
May geſſe what force of fire torments my breſt:
So run the ſwelling ſtreames with double force,
VVhere locks or piles are ſet to ſtay their courſe.

For when my hart perceiu'd her parting neere,
By whoſe ſweet ſight he liues that elſe ſhould die,
It cloſ'd it ſelfe to keepe thoſe beames ſo cleere,
Which from her looke had pierſt it through the Eie.
The fiery beames which would breake out ſo faine
By ſeeking vent, encreaſe my burning paine,

But

But if my Deere returne aliue and ſound,
That theſe nine Eies may ſee her beautie bright,
My hart ſhall ſpread with ioy that ſhall abound,
And open wide, receiuing cleerer light.
She ſhall recouer that which *I* poſſeſſe.
And *I* thereby enioy no whit the leſſe.

ODE. V.

Petition to haue her leaue to die.

WHen will the fountaine of my teares be drie?
When will my ſighes be ſpent?
When will Deſire agree to let me die?
When will thy hart relent?
It is not for my life *I* pleade,
Since death the way to reſt doth leade.
But ſtay for thy conſent,
Leſt thou be diſcontent.

For if my ſelfe without thy leaue *I* kill,
My Ghoſt will neuer reſt;
So hath it ſworne to worke thine only will,
And holds that euer beſt.
For ſince it only liues by thee,
Good reaſon thou the ruler bee,
Then giue me leaue to die,
And ſhew thy powre thereby.

The Louers abſence kils me, her preſence cures me.

THe frozen Snake oppreſt with heaped ſnowe
By ſtrugling hard gets out her tender head,
And ſpies far off from where ſhe lies belowe
The winter Sun that from the North is fled

But all in vaine ſhe lookes vpon the light,
VVhere heate is vvanting to reſtore her might.

VVhat doth it help a vvretch in priſon pent,
Long time vvith biting hunger ouer-preſt;
To ſee vvithout or ſmell vvithin the ſent,
Of daintie fare for others tables dreſt?
Yet Snake and priſ'ner both behold the thing,
The vvhich (but not vvith ſight) might cõfort bring.

Such is my ſtate, or vvorſe if vvorſe may bee,
My hart oppreſt vvith heauy hoſt of care,
Debar'd of that vvhich is moſt deere to mee,
Kild vp vvith cold, and pinde vvith euill fare,
And yet I ſee the thing might yeeld releeſe,
And yet the ſight doth breede my greater greeſe.

So *Thisbe* ſavv her louer through the vvall,
And ſavv thereby ſhee vvanted that ſhee ſavv:
And ſo I ſee, and ſeeing vvant vvithall,
And vvanting ſo, vnto my death I dravv;
And ſo my death vvere tvventie times my frend,
If vvith this Verſe my hated life might end.

ODE. VI.

The kinde Louers complaint in finding nothing but folly for his faithfulneſſe.

IF my decay be your encreaſe,
If my diſtreſſe bee your delight,
If vvarre in mee procure your peace,
If vvrong to mee, to you be right.
I vvould decay, diſtreſſe, vvarre, vvrong,
Might end the life that ends ſo long.

Yet

Yet, if by my decay you grow,
When I am ſpent your growth is paſt:
If from my griefe your *Ioy* do flow,
When my griefe ends, your Ioy flies faſt:
Then for your ſake, though to my paine,
I ſtriue to liue, to die full faine.

For if *I* die, my warre muſt ceaſe;
Then can I ſuffer wrong no more:
My warre once done, farewell your peace,
My wrong, your right doth ſtill reſtore:
Thus, for your right I ſuffer wrong,
And for your peace, my warre prolong.

But ſince no thing can long indure,
That ſometime hath not needfull reſt,
What can my life your ioy aſſure,
If ſtill I waile with greefe oppreſt?
The ſtrongeſt ſtomacke faints at laſt,
For want of eaſe and due repaſt.

My reſtleſſe ſighes breake out ſo faſt,
That time to breath they quite deny:
Mine Eies ſo many teares haue caſt,
That now the ſprings themſelues are dry.
Then grant ſome little eaſe from paine,
Vntill the ſprings be full againe.

The Gyant whom the Vulture gnawes,
Vntill his hart be growne, hath peace:
And *Siſyphus* by helliſh lawes,
Whilſt that the ſtone rowles downe, doth ceaſe.
But all in vaine I ſtriue for reſt,
Which breeds more ſorrow in my breſt.

Let my Decay be your encreaſe,
Let my diſtreſſe be your delight:
Let warre in me procure your peace,
Let wrong in me to you be right;
That by my Griefe your Ioy may liue,
Vouchſafe ſome little reſt to giue.

Ode VII.

Vnhappy Eies.

CLoſe your lids, vnhappy Eies,
From the ſight of ſuch a change:
Loue hath learned to deſpiſe,
Selfe-conceit hath made him ſtrange:
Inward now his ſight he turneth,
With himſelfe in loue he burneth.

If abroad he beauty ſpie,
As by chance he lookes abroad,
Or it is wrought by his eye,
Or forc'de out by Painters fraude:
Saue himſelfe none faire, he deemeth,
That himſelfe too much eſteemeth.

Coy diſdaine hath kindnes place,
Kindnes forc'de to hide his head:
True Deſire is counted baſe,
Hope with hope is hardly fed:
Loue is thought a fury needleſſe,
He that hath it, ſhall die ſpeedleſſe.

Then mine eies, why gaze you ſo?
Beauty ſcornes the Teares you ſhed;
Death you ſeeke to end my woe,
O that you of death were ſped;

But

But with Loue hath death conſpired,
To kill none whom Loue haue fired.

Cupid *ſhootes light, but wounds ſore.*

CVpid at length I ſpie thy crafty wile,
Though for a time thou didſt me ſore beguile,
When firſt thy ſhaft did wound my tender hart,
It toucht me light, me thought I felt ſome paine;
Some little prick at firſt did make me ſmart,
But yet that greeſe was quickly gone againe.
Full ſmall account I made of ſuch a ſore,
As now doth ranckle inward more and more.

So poyſon firſt the ſinewes lightly ſtraines,
Then ſtraies, and after ſpreads through all the vaines,
No otherwiſe, then he, that prickt with thorne,
Starts at the firſt, and feeles no other griefe,
As one whoſe hart ſo little hurt did ſcorne,
And deigned not to ſeeke deſpis'd reliefe:
At laſt, when reſt doth after trauaile come,
That little prick the ioynt with paine doth numme.

What may I thinke the cauſe of this thy craft,
That at the firſt thou ſtik'ſt not deepe thy ſhaft?
If at the firſt, I had thy ſtroke eſpi'de,
(Alas I thought thou wouldſt not dally ſo)
To keepe my ſelfe all waies I would haue tride,
At leaſt, I thinke I might haue cur'd my woe,
Yet, truth to ſay, I did ſuſpect no leſſe,
And knew it too, at leaſt, I ſo did gheſſe.

I ſaw, and yet would willingly be blinde.
I felt the ſtring, yet flat'red ſtill my minde,
And now too late I know my former guilt,
And ſeeke in vaine to heale my curcleſſe ſore;

My

My life, I doubt: my health I know is spilt,
A iust reward for dallying so before:
For I that would not when I might haue ease,
No maruell though I cannot when I please.

Clipeum post vulnera.

A true Description of Loue.

Paraphrastically translated out of Petrarkes 103 Sonnet, beginning,

S' Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento.

IF Loue be nothing but an idle name,
A vaine deuise of tooliſh Poets skill:
A fained fire, deuoid of ſmoake and flame;
Then what is that which me tormenteth ſtill?
If ſuch a thing as Loue indeede there be,
What kinde of thing, or which, or where is he?

If it be good, how cauſeth it ſuch paine?
How doth it breed ſuch greefe within my breſt?
If naught, how chance the greefe that I ſuſtaine,
Doth ſeeme ſo ſweete amidſt my great vnreſt?
For ſure me thinkes it is a wondrous thing,
That ſo great paine ſhould ſo great pleaſure bring.

If with my will amidſt theſe flames I fry,
Whence come theſe teares? how chance I thus complaine?
If force perforce I beare this miſerie,
What helpe theſe teares that cannot eaſe my paine?
How can this fancy beare ſuch ſway in me,
But if my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it be?

And if my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it be,

Vniuſt

Vniuſt I am thus to complaine and cry;
To looke that other men ſhould ſuccour me,
Since by my fault I feele ſuch miſery:
Who will not helpe him ſelfe when well he can,
Deſerues ſmall helpe of any other man.

Thus am I toſt vpon the troublous Seas,
By ſundry winds, whoſe blaſts blow ſundry waies:
And euery blaſt ſtill driuing where it pleaſe,
Brings hope and feare to end my lingring daies:
The Steers-man gone, ſaile, helme, and tackle loſt,
How can I hope to gaine the wiſhed Coaſt?

Wiſedome and folly is the luckleſſe fraight,
My ſhip therewith ballaſt vnequally:
Wiſedome too light, folly of too great waight,
My barke and I, through them in ieopardy:
Thus, in the midſt of this perplexitie,
I wiſh for death, and yet am loath to die.

Faire Face, and hard Hart.

FAyre is thy Face, and that thou knoweſt too well,
Hard is thy Hart, and that thou wilt not know:
Thou hear'ſt and ſmil'ſt, when I thy praiſe doe tell,
But ſtopſt thine Eares when I my greefe would ſhow.
Yet though in vaine, needs muſt I ſpeake,
Or elſe my ſwelling hart would breake.

And when I ſpeake, my breath doth blow the fire,
With which my burning hart conſumes away:
I call vpon thy name and helpe require,
Thy deereſt Name which doth me ſtill betray:
For grace, ſweete Grace thy name doth ſound,
Yet ah! in thee no grace is found.

Alas, to what parte ſhall *I* then appeale?
Thy face ſo faire diſdaines to looke on me,
Thy tongue commands my hart his griefe cõceale,
Thy nimble feete from me do alwaies flee,
Thine Eies caſt fire to burne my hart,
And thou reioyceſt in my ſmart.

Then, ſince thou ſeeſt the life I leade in paine,
And that for thee I ſuffer all this griefe,
O let my Heart this ſmall requeſt obtaine,
That thou agree it pine without reliefe!
I aske not Loue for my good will,
But leaue, that I may loue thee ſtill.

Quid minus optari per mea vota poteſt.

Ode VIII.

Diſdaine at variance with Deſire.

Diſdaine that ſo doth fill me,
Hath ſurely ſworne to kill me,
And I muſt die,
Deſire that ſtill doth burne me,
To life againe will turne me,
And liue muſt *I*.
O kill me then diſdaine!
That I may liue againe.

Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thoſe lookes vndoe me,
O death and life!
Thy ſmile ſome reſt doth ſhow me,
Thy frowne with warre o'rethrow me,
O peace and ſtrife!

Nor,

Nor life nor death is either,
Then giue me both, or neither.

Life only cannot pleaſe me,
Death onely cannot eaſe me,
Change is delight.
I liue that death may kill me,
I die that life may fill me,
Both day and night.
If once Deſpaire decay,
Deſire will weare away.

An Inuectiue againſt Loue.

ALl is not Gold that ſhineth bright in ſhow,
Not eu'ry flower ſo good, as faire, to ſight,
The deepeſt ſtreames, aboue doe calmeſt flow,
And ſtrongeſt Poyſons oft the taſte delight,
The pleaſant baite doth hide the harmeful hooke;
And falſe deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold whoſe outward hew doth paſſe,
Whoſe firſt beginnings goodly promiſe make,
Of pleaſures faire and freſh as Summers graſſe,
With neither Sun can parch, nor winde can ſhake;
But when the mould ſhould in the fire be tride,
The Gold is gone, the droſſe doth ſtill abide.

Beauty, the flower, ſo freſh, ſo faire, ſo gay,
So ſweete to ſmell, ſo ſoft to touch and taſte,
As ſeemes it ſhould endure, by right, for ay,
And neuer be with any ſtorme defaſte,
But when the balefull Southerne winde doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erſt did ſhow.

Loue

Loue is the ſtreame, whoſe waues ſo calmly flow,
As might intice mens mindes to wade therein:
Loue is the poyſon mixt with ſugar ſo,
As might by outward ſweetnes liking win.
But as the deepe o'reflowing ſtops thy breath,
So poyſon once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whoſe taſte the fiſh deceaues,
And makes them ſwallow downe the choking hooke,
Loue is the face whoſe fairenesſe iudgment reaues,
And makes thee truſt a falſe and famed looke,
But as the hooke, the fooliſh fiſh doth kill,
So flat'ring lookes, the Louers life do ſpill.

Vſque adeo dulce puella malum eſt.

Vpon an Heroicall Poeme which he had begonne (in Imitation of Virgil,*) of the firſt Inhabiting this famous Ile by* Brute, *& the Troyans.*

My wanton Muſe that whilome wont to ſing,
Faire Beauties praiſe and *Venus* ſweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her ſtring,
To higher tunes then ſerue for *Cupids* fight,
Shrill Trumpets ſound, ſharpe ſwords & Lances ſtrong,
Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her ſong.

The God of Loue by chance had heard thereof,
That *I* was prou'd a Rebell to his Crowne,
Fit words for Warre, quoth he with angry skoff,
A likely man to write of *Mars* his frowne.
Well are they ſped whoſe praiſes he ſhall write,
Whoſe wanton Pen can nought but Loue indite.

This

This ſaid, he whiſkt his parti-coulor'd wings,
And downe to earth he comes more ſwift then thought
Then to my hart in angry haſte he flings,
To ſee what change theſe newes of warres had wrought:
He pries, and lookes, he ranſacks eu'ry vaine,
Yet findes he nought, ſaue loue, and Louers paine.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needleſſe fea re,
With heauy ſmile began to plead my cauſe:
In vaine (quoth I) this endleſſe greefe I beare,
In vaine I ſtriue to keepe thy grecuous Lawes,
If after proofe ſo often truſty found,
Vnuſt Suſpect condemne me as vnſound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull hart?
Is this the hope on which my life is ſtaide?
Is this the eaſe of neuer-ceaſing ſmart?
Is this the price that for my paines is paid?
Yet better ſerue fierce *Mars* in bloody field,
Where death, or conqueſt, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I ſeru'd, what is my pay but payne?
Oft haue I ſude, what gaine I but delay?
My faithfull Loue is quited with diſdaine,
My greefe a game, my pen is made a play.
Yes, Loue that doth in other fauour find,
In me is counted madnes out of kind.

And laſt of all, but grieuous moſt of all,
Thy ſelfe, ſweet Loue, hath kild me with ſuſpect;
Could Loue beleeue, that I from Loue would fall?
Is warre of force to make me *Loue* neglect?
No, *Cupid* knowes, my mind is faſter ſet,
Then that by warre I ſhould my Loue forget.

My

My muſe indeede to War enclines her minde,
The famous Acts of worthy *Brute* to write:
To whom the Gods this Ilands rule aſſignde,
Which long he ſought by Seas through *Neptunes* ſpight,
With ſuch conceits my buſie head doth ſwell,
But in my hart nought els but Loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the leaſt,
Here ſhall my Muſe *Brutes* noble Loue declare:
Here ſhalt thou ſee the double Loue increaſt,
Of fayreſt twins that euer Lady bare,
Let Mars triumph in armour ſhining bright,
His conquerd armes ſhall be thy triumphs light.

As he the world, ſo thou ſhalt him ſubdue,
And I thy glory through the world will ring,
So be my paines, thou wilt vouchſafe to rue,
And kill deſpaire; With that he whiſk't his wing,
And bade me write, and promiſt wiſhed reſt,
But ſore I hope falſe hope will be the beſt.

Vpon his Ladies buying ſtrings for her Lute.

IN happy time the wiſhed Fayre is come,
To fit thy Lute with ſtrings of euery kinde,
Great pitty 'tis, ſo ſweete a Lute be dumme,
That ſo can pleaſe the Eare, and eaſe the minde:
Go take thy choiſe, and chuſe the very beſt,
And vſe them ſo, that head and hart find reſt.

Reſt thou in ioy, and let me waile alone,
My pleaſant daies haue tane their laſt farewell:
My Hart-ſtrings Sorrow ſtrook ſo long with mone,
That at the laſt they all in pieces fell:
And now they lie in pieces broke ſo ſmall,
That ſcarce they ſerue to make me frets withall.

And

And yet they ſerue and bind my hart ſo ſtrait,
That frets indeed they ſerue to fret it out:
No force for that, in hope thereof I waite,
That death may rid me both of hope and doubt.
But death, alas, drawes backward all too long,
And I each day feele now encreaſe of wrong.

Care will not let him liue, nor Hope let him die.

MY heauy Hart with greefe and hope torment,
Beates all in vaine againſt my weary breſt,
As if it thought with force to make a vent,
That death might enter to procure my reſt.
But, fooliſh hart, thy paines are loſt I ſee,
For death and life both fly and follow thee.

When weight of care would preſſe me downe with paine,
That I might ſinck to depth of death below,
Hope lends me wings, and lifts me vp againe,
To ſtriue for life, and liue in greater woe.
So fares the Bote, which windes driue to the ſhore,
And Tide driues backward where it was before.

Thus neither Hope will let me die with Care,
Nor Care conſent that Hope aſſure my life:
I ſeeke for life, death doth his ſtroke prepare,
I come to death, and life renewes my ſtrife.
All as the ſhadow follow them that flie,
And flies from them that after it doe hie.

What is my hope? that hope will faile at laſt,
And greefe get ſtrength to worke his will on me
Either the Waxe with which hopes wings are faſt,
By ſcalding ſighes mine Eies ſhall melted ſee.
Or elſe my teares ſhall wet the feathers ſo,
That I ſhall fall and drowne in waues of woe.

Could

Ode IX.

Cupids *Mariage with Dissimulation.*

A New-found match is made of late,
Blinde *Cupid* needs will change his wife,
New-fangled Loue doth *Psyche* hate,
With whom so long he led his life.
Dissembling, she
The Bride must be,
To please his wanton eye.
Psyche laments
That Loue repents,
His choyce without cause why.

Cytheron sounds with musicke strange,
Vnknowne vnto the Virgins nine:
From flat to sharpe the Tune doth range,
Too base, because it is too fine.
See how the Bride
Puft vp with pride,
Can mince it passing well,
She trips on toe,
Full faire to show,
Within doth poyson dwell.

Now wanton Loue at last is sped,
Dissembling is his only ioy,
Bare Truth from *Venus* Court is fled,
Dissembling pleasures hides annoy.
It were in vaine
To talke of paine,
The wedding yet doth last,
But paine is neere,
And will appeere,
With a dissembling cast.

Dis-

Diſpaire and hope are ioyn'd in one,
And paine with pleaſure linked ſure,
Not one of theſe can come alone,
No certaine hope, no pleaſure pure.
Thus ſowre and ſweete
In loue do meete,
Diſſembling likes it ſo,
Of ſweete ſmall ſtore,
Of ſowre the more,
Loue is a pleaſant woe.

Amor & mellis & fellis.

Ode. X.

Diſpraiſe of Loue, and Louers follies.

If Loue be life, I long to die,
Liue they that liſt for me:
And he that gaines the moſt thereby,
A foole, at leaſt, ſhall be.
But he that feeles the ſoreſt fits,
Scapes with no leſſe than loſſe of wits,
An happy life they gaine,
Which Loue doe entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
By lying dreames in night.
Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
Each ſmile a falſe delight.
If hap their Lady pleaſant ſeeme,
It is for others loue they deeme,
If voide ſhe ſeeme of ioy,
Diſdaine doth make her coy.

Such

Such is the peace that Louers finde,
Such is the life they leade,
Blowne here and there with euery winde,
Like flowers in the Meade.
Now warre, now peace, then warre againe,
Desire, Dispaire, Delight, Disdaine,
Though dead in midst of life,
In peace, and yet at strife.

In amore hæc insunt mala.

In praise of the Sunne.

THe golden Sunne that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withall,
In vaine doth cast his beames away,
Where they are blinde on whom they fall
There is no force in all his light,
To giue the Mole a perfect sight.

But thou my Sunne, more bright then he,
That shines at noone in Summer tide,
Hast giuen me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide.
Till now I liu'd as blind as Mole,
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauties grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but Poets skill,
I gaz'de on many a louely face.
Yet found I none to binde my will,
Which made me thinke, that beauty bright,
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beames haue cleer'd my sight,
I blush to thinke I was so blinde.

Thy

Thy flaming Eies affoord me light,
That Beauties blaze each where I finde:
And yet theſe Dames that ſhine ſo bright
Are but the ſhadow of thy light.

Ode XI.

To his Muſe.

REſt, good my Muſe, and giue me leaue to reſt,
We ſtriue in vaine.
Conceale thy skill within thy ſacred breſt,
Though to thy paine.
The honor great which Poets wont to haue,
With worthy deedes is buried deepe in graue,
Each man will hide his name,
Thereby to hide his ſhame,
And ſilence is the praiſe their vertues craue.

To praiſe, is flattery, malice to diſpraiſe,
Hard is the choice.
What cauſe is left for thee, my Muſe, to raiſe
Thy heau'nly voice?
Delight thy ſelfe on ſweete *Parnaſſus* hill,
And for a better time reſerue thy skill,
There let thy ſiluer ſound,
From *Cyrrha* wood rebound,
And all the vale with learned Muſick fill.

Then ſhall thoſe fooles that now preferre each Rime,
Before thy skill,
With hand and foote in vaine aſſay to clime
Thy ſacred hill.
There ſhalt thou ſit & skorne thē with diſdaine,
To ſee their fruitleſſe labour all in vaine,
But they ſhall fret with ſpight,

To

To see thy glory bright,
And know themselues thereto cannot attaine.

Death in Loue.

Mine eies haue spent their teares, and now are drie.
My weary hand will guide my pen no more.
My voice is hoarse, and can no longer cry,
My head hath left no new complaints in store.
My hart is ouerburd'ned so with paine,
That sence of griefe doth none therein remaine.

The teares you see distilling from mine eies,
My gentle Muse doth shed for this my greefe.
The plaints you heare are her incessant cries,
By which she calles in vaine for some releefe,
She neuer parted since my griefe begun,
In her I liue, the dead, my life were done.

Then (louing Muse) departe, and let me die,
Some braue Youth will sue to thee for grace,
That may aduance thy glory to the skie, (face,
And make thee scorne blinde Fortunes frowning
My hart and head that did thee entertaine,
Desire and Fortune with despite haue slaine.

My Lady dares not lodge thee in her brest,
For feare, vnwares she let in Loue with thee.
For well she thinkes some part in thee must rest,
Of that which so possest each part of me.
Then (good my Muse) flie back to heau'n againe,
And let me die, to end this endlesse paine.

Breake

Breake heauy Hart.

BReake heauy hart and rid me of this paine,
This paine that ſtill encreaſeth day by day:
By day with ſighes I ſpend my ſelfe in vaine:
In vaine by night with teares *I* waſte away,
Away! *I* waſt with teares by night in vaine,
Teares, ſighs, by night, by day encreaſe this paine

Mine Eies no Eies, but fountaines of my teares
My teares no teares, but floods to moiſt my hart:
My hart no hart, but harbour of my feares,
My feares no feares, but feelings of my ſmart.
My ſmart, my feares, my hart, my teares, mine eies
Are blind, dride, ſpent, paſt, waſted with my cries.

And yet mine Eies, though blind, ſee cauſe of griefe,
And yet my teares, though dride run down amaine:
And yet my hart, though ſpent attends reliefe,
And yet my feares, though paſt, encreaſe my paine.
And yet I liue, and liuing feele more ſmart,
And ſmarting, cry in vaine Breake heauy hart.

Deſires Gouernment.

WHere wit is ouer-ruld by will,
And will is led by fond deſire,
There Reaſon were as good be ſtill,
As ſpeaking, kindle greater fire.
For where deſire doth beare the ſway
The hart muſt rule, the head obay.

What bootes the cunning *Pilots* skill,
To tell which way to ſhape their courſe:
When he that ſteers will haue his will,
And driue them where he liſt perforce.

So Reaſon ſhewes the truth in vaine,
Where fond deſire as King doth raigne.

Loues Properties.

TWixt heate and colde, t'wixt death and life,
I freeze and burne, *I* liue and die:
Which ioyntly worke in me ſuch ſtrife,
I liue in death, in colde I frie,
Nor hot, nor cold, nor liue, nor dead,
Neither and both this life I lead.

Firſt burning heate ſets all on fire,
Whereby I ſeeme in flames to frie:
Then colde diſpaire kills hot deſire,
That drenched deepe, in death I lie.
Heate driues out colde and keepes my life
Cold quencheth heate, no end of ſtrife.

The leſſe *I* hope to haue my will,
The more I feele deſire encreaſe.
And as deſire encreaſeth ſtill,
Deſpaire to quench it doth not ceaſe.
So liue I as the Lampe whoſe light,
Oft comes, oft goes, now dim, now brighe.

A liuing Death.

IF meanes be none to end my reſtleſſe care,
If needes *I* muſt orewhelm'd with ſorrow lie.
What better way this ſorrow to declare,
Then, that I dying liue and cannot die.

If nought but loſſe I reape in ſtead of gaine,
If laſting paine do euery day encreaſe;
To thee (good Death) alas *I* muſt complaine
Thou art of force to make my ſorrow ceaſe.

If

If thou, becauſe I thee refuſd ſometime,
Now ſhut thine eares, and my requeſt deny,
Still muſt I loue, and waile in woefull Rime,
That dying ſtill I am, and cannot die.

Spire, non vires.

The Paſſionate Priſoner.

YE walles that ſhut me vp from ſight of men,
Incloſd wherein alriue I buried lie
And thou ſometime my bed but now my den,
Where ſmothred vp, the light of Sunne I flie.
O ſhut your ſelues, each chinke and creuis ſtraine
That none but you may heare me thus complaine.

My hollow cries that beat thy ſtony ſide,
Vouchſafe to beate, but beate them backe againe
That when my griefe hath ſpeech to me denide,
Mine eares may heare the witnes of my paine.
As for my teares, whoſe ſtreames muſt euer laſt
My ſilent cowch ſhall drinke them vp as faſt.

Hopeleſſe deſire ſoone withers and dies.

THough naked Trees ſeeme dead to ſight
When winter winde doth keenely blow,
Yet if the roote maintaine her right,
The Spring their hidden life will ſhow.
But if the roote be dead and drie,
No maruell though the branches die.

While Hope did liue within my breſt,
No winters ſtorme could kill deſire,
But now diſdaine hath hope oppreſt,
Dead is the root, dead is the ſpire.

Hope was the roote, the ſpire was Loue,
No ſap beneath, no life aboue.

And as we ſee the rootleſſe ſtock,
Retaine ſome ſap, and ſpring a while
Yet quickely prooue a life-leſſe block
Becauſe the roote doth life beguile;
So liues deſire which Hope hath left,
As twylight ſhines when Sunne is reft.

ODE XII.

To his Hart.

NAy, nay, thou ſtriu'ſt in vaine, my Hart,
To mend thy miſſe.
Thou haſt deſeru'd to beare this ſmart,
And worſe then this.
That wouldſt thy ſelfe debaſe,
To ſerue in ſuch a place.

Thou thoughts thy ſelfe to long at reſt,
Such was thy pride.
Needes muſt thou ſeeke another breſt
Wherein to bide.
Say now what haſt thou found?
In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithfull ſeruice wonne,
But high diſdaine?
Broke is thy threede thy fancie ſpunne,
Thy labour vaine,
Falne art thou now with paine,
And canſt not riſe againe.

And canſt thou looke for helpe of mee
In this diſtreſſe?

I muſt

I muſt confeſſe I pitie thee,
And can no leſſe.
But beare a while thy paine,
For feare thou fall againe.

Learne by thy hurt to ſhunne the fire
Play not withall
When climing thoughts high things aſpire,
They ſeeke their fall.
Thou ween'ſt nought ſhone but golde,
So waſt thou blind and bolde.

Yet lie not ſtill for this diſgrace,
But mount againe
So that thou know the wiſhed place,
Be worth thy paine.
Then though thou fall and die,
Yet neuer feare to flie.

PHALEVCIACKS. III

WIſdome warns me to ſhun that once I ſought for
and in time to retire my haſty footſteps:
wiſdome ſent from aboue, not earthly wiſdome.
No ſuch thoughts can ariſe from earthly wiſdome.
Long, too long haue I ſlept in eaſe vneaſie,
On falſe worldly releeſe my truſt repoſing;
Health and wealth in a bote, no ſterne nor ankor,
(Bold and blind that I was) to Sea be-taking:
Scarce from ſhore had I lancht, when all about me,
Waues like hilles did ariſe, till help from heauen,
Brought my Ship to the Port of late repentance.

O nauis, referent in mare te noui
Fluctus.

Ode XIII

A defiance to diſdainfull Loue

NOw haue I learn'd with much a doo at laſt,
By true diſdaine to kill deſire,
This was the marke at which I ſhot ſo faſt,
Vnto this hight I did aſpire.
Proud Loue, now doe thy worſt, and ſpare not,
For thee and all thy ſhafts I care not.

What haſt thou left wherewith to moue my minde,
What life to quicken dead deſire?
I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
I ſeele no heate in all thy fire.
Goe change thy bow and get a ſtronger,
Goe breake thy ſhafts and buy thee longer.

In vaine thou bait'ſt thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton Eies allure.
Theſe are but toyes for them that loue to gaze,
I know what harme thy lookes procure,
Some ſtrange conceit muſt be deuiſed,
Or thou and all thy skill deſpiſed.

Scilicet aſſerui iam me, fugique catenas.

Being ſcorned and diſdained, he inueighes againſt his Lady.

SInce iuſt diſdaine began to riſe,
And cry reuenge for ſpiteſull wrong:
What erſt I praiſde, I now deſpiſe,
And thinke my Loue was all to long.
I tread in durt that ſcornfull pride,
Which in thy lookes I haue deſcride.
Thy beautie is a painted skin,
For fooles to ſee their faces in.

Thine

Thine Eiés that ſome as Starres eſteeme,
From whence themſelues, they ſay take light,
Like to the fooliſh fire *I* deeme,
That leades men to their death by night.
Thy words and oaths are light as winde,
And yet farre lighter is thy minde:
Thy frendſhip is a broken reede,
That failes thy friends in greateſt neede.

Vitiis parientia vitia eſt.

ODE XIIII

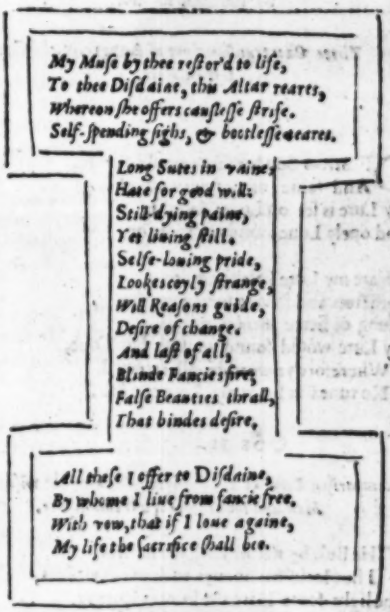
The Tombe of dead Deſire.

WHen *Venus* ſaw Deſire muſt die,
Whom high diſdaine:
Had iuſtly ſlaine
For killing Truth with ſcornfull Eie;
The Earth ſhe leaues and gets her to the skie,
Her golden haire ſhe teares
Blacke weedes of woe ſhe weares;
For help vnto her father doth ſhe cry,
Who biddes her ſtay a ſpace
And hope for better grace.

To ſaue his life ſhe hath no skill,
Whom ſhould ſhe pray,
What doe, or ſay,
But weep for wanting of her will?
Meane time Deſire hath tane his laſt farwell
And in a Meddow faire,
To which the *Nimphs* repaire,
His breathles Corps is laide with wormes to dwell;
So glory doth decay,
When Death takes life away.

When Morning Starre had chaſde the night,
The Queene of Loue
Lookt from aboue,
To ſe the graue of her delight: ?
And as with heedfull Eie ſhe viewd the place,
Shee ſpide a flower vnknowne,
That on his graue was growne,
In ſteade of learned Verſe his Tombe to grace.
If you the name require,
Harts eaſe from dead Deſire.

An Altar and Sacrifice to Disdaine, for freeing him from Loue.



My Muse by thee restor'd to life,
To thee Disdaine, this Altar rears,
Whereon she offers causelesse strife,
Self-spending sighs, & bootlesse teares.

Long Suites in vaine,
Hate for good will:
Still-dying paine,
Yet living still.
Selfe-louing pride,
Lookes coyly strange,
Will Reasons guide,
Desire of change.
And last of all,
Blinde Fancies fire,
False Beauties thrall,
That bindes desire,

All these I offer to Disdaine,
By whome I liue from fancie free,
With vow, that if I loue againe,
My life the sacrifice shall bee.

Vitimus & domitum pedibus calcamus amorem.

Certaine other Poemes vpon diuerſe Subiect by the ſame Author.

Three Odes tranſlated out of Anacreon, *the Greeke Lyrick Poet.*

Ode 1.

OF *Atreus* Sonnes faine would *I* write,
And faine of *Cadmus* would I ſing:
My Lute is ſet on Loues delight,
And onely Loue ſounds eu'ry ſtring.

Of late my Lute I alt'red quite,
Both frets and ſtrings for tunes aboue,
I ſung of fierce *Alcides* might,
My Lute would ſound no tune but Loue,
Wherefore ye worthies all farewell,
No tune but Loue my Lute can tell.

Ode 11.

A compariſon Betwixt the ſtrength of Beaſts, the wiſdome of Man, and the beautie of a Womans face.

THe Bull by nature hath his hornes,
The Horſe his hooues to daunt their foes,
The light-foote Hare the hunter ſcornes,
The Lions teeth his ſtrength diſcloſe.

The Fiſh, by ſwimming, ſcapes the weele,
The Bird, by flight, the fowlers net,
With wiſedome Man is arm'd as ſteele,
Poore women none of theſe can get.

Wha

What haue they then? faire Beauties grace,
A two-edg'd Sworde, a trusty sheeld,
No force resist, a lowely face,
Both fire and sworde to Beauty yeelde.

Ode III.

OF late, what time the Beare turnd round
At midnight in her woonted way,
And men of all sorts slept full sound,
O'recome with labour of the day.

The God of Loue came to my dore,
And tooke the ring and knockt it hard:
Whose there, quoth I, that knocks so sore,
You breake my sleepe, my dreams are mar'd?

A little boy forsooth, quoth he,
Dung-wet with raine this Moonelesse night;
With that me thought it pittied me.
I ope the dore and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spide,
A winged Boy with shafts and bow,
I tooke him to the fire side,
And set him downe to warme him so.

His little hands in mine I straine,
To rub and warme them therewithall:
Out of his locks I crush the raine,
From which the drops apace downe fall.

At last, when he was waxen warme,
Now let me try my Bow, quoth he,
I feare my string hath caught some harme,
And wet, will proue too slacke for me.

He

He ſaid, and bent his bow, and ſhot,
And wightly hit me on the hart;
The wound was ſore and raging hot,
The heate like fury reekes my ſmart.

Mine hoſt, quoth he, my ſtring is well,
And laugh't, ſo that he leapt againe:
Looke to your wound for feare it ſwell,
Your hart may hap to feele the paine.

Anacreons ſecond Ode, otherwiſe.

NAture in her worke doth giue,
To each thing that by her do liue:
A proper gift whereby ſhe may,
Preuent in time her owne decay.
The Bull a horne, the Horſe a hooſe,
The light-foote Hare to run alooſe:
The Lyons ſtrength who may reſiſt,
The Birds aloft fly where they liſt.
The fiſh ſwimmes ſafe in waters deepe,
The ſilly worme at leaſt can creepe:
What is to come, men can forecaſt,
And learne more wit, by that is paſt:
The Womans gift what might it bee,
The ſame for which the Ladies three,
Pallas, Iuno, Venus ſtraue,
When each deſired it to haue.

T. S.

Anacreons third Ode, otherwiſe.

CVpid abroad, was lated in the night,
His wings were wet, with ranging in the raine,

Ha

Harbour he ſought, to me he tooke his flight,
To dry his plumes, I heard the Boy complaine.
I opt the dore, and granted his deſire,
I roſe my ſelfe, and made the Wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fiers flame,
I ſpide his Quiuer hanging at his back:
Doubting the Boy might my misfortune frame,
I would haue gone for feare of further wrack.
But what I feard, did me poore wretch betide,
For forth he drew an Arrow from his ſide.

He pierſt the quick, and I began to ſtart,
A pleaſing wound, but that it was too high,
His ſhaft procurde a ſharp, yet ſugred ſmart,
Away he flew, for now his wings were dry.
But left the Arrow ſticking in my breſt,
That ſore I greeue, I welcom'd ſuch a Gueſt.

Naturall compariſons with perfect Loue.

THe loweſt Trees haue tops, the Ante her gall,
The fly her ſplene, the little ſparkes their heate:
The ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes, though but ſmall,
And Bees haue ſtings, although they bee not great.
Seas haue their ſourſe, & ſo haue ſhallow ſprings
And Loue is loue, in Beggars, as in Kings.

Where riuers ſmootheſt run, deepeſt are the foords,
The Diall ſtirres, yet none perceiues it mooue,
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words,
The Turtles cannot ſing, and yet they loue.
True Harts haue eies, & eares no tongs to ſpeake,
They heare, & ſee, and ſigh, & then they breake.

An answere to the first staffe, that Loue is vnlike in Beggers and in Kings.

COmpare the Bramble with the Cedar tree,
The Pismires anger with the Lyons rage:
What is the Buzzing flie where Eagles be?
A drop the sparke, no seas can *Aetna* swage.
Small is the heat in Beggers breasts that springs,
But flaming fire consumes the hearts of Kings.

Who shrouds himselfe where slender haires cast shade?
But mightie Okes may scorne the Summer Sun:
Small cure will serue, where Bees the wound haue made.
But Draggons poyson through each part doth run:
Light is the loue that Beggers bosome stings,
Deepe is the wound that *Cupid* makes in Kings.

Small channels serue, where shallow springs do slide,
And little helpe will turne or stay their course:
The highest banks scarce hold the swelling tide,
Which ouer-threwes all stops with raging force:
The baser sort scarce wet them in the stringes,
Which ouer-whelme the heads of mightie kings.

What though in both the hart be set of Loue?
The selfe same ground both corne and cockle breedes
Fast by the Bryer, the Pine-tree mounts aboue,
One kinde of grasse, the Iade, and Iennet feedes:
So from the hart, by secret vertue springs,
Vnlike desire in Beggers and in Kings.

A song in praise of a Beggers life.

BRight shines the Sun, Play beggers play,
Here's scraps enough to serue to day.

What

What noyſe of Viols is ſo ſweete,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggers meete?
A beggers life is for a King.
Eate, drinke, and play, ſleepe when we liſt;
Go where we will, ſo ſtocks be miſt.
Bright ſhines, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone haue world at will,
We purchaſe not, all is our owne,
Both fields and ſtreets we beggers fill.
Nor care to get, nor feare to keepe,
Did euer breake a beggers ſleepe.
Bright ſhines, &c.

A hundred head of black and white,
Vpon our gownes ſecurely feede,
If any dare his Maſter bite,
He dies therefore as ſure as Creede.
Thus Beggers lord it as they pleaſe,
And none but beggers liue at eaſe.
Bright ſhines the Sun, &c.

Vpon Beginning without making an end.

Begin, and halfe is done, yet halfe vndone remaines,
Begin that halfe, and all is done. & thou art eaſd of pains.
The ſecond halfe is all, when halfe thereof is dun,
The other halfe is all againe, new worke muſt be begun.
Thus he that ſtill begins, doth nothing but by halues,
And things halfe done, as good vndone, halfe oxen are but (calues.

An Epigram to Sir Philip Sydney in Elegiacall verſe, Tranſlated out of Iodelle, the French Poet.

Cambridge, worthy *Philip*, by this verſe builds thee an Altar,
Gainſt time and tempeſt, ſtrong to abide for euer,
That praiſe of verſes no length of time can abolliſh,
With *Greece* and *Italie* purchaſed endles honor.
I then purſuing their ſteps like glory to purchaſe,
Will make thy memory famous in after ages,
And in theſe meaſured verſes thy glory be ſounded,
So be thy holy fauour, help to my holy fury.

HEXAMETERS, *Vpon the neuer-enough praiſed Sir Phillip Sidney.*

WHat can I now ſuſpect? or, what can I feare any lõger?
oft did *I* feare, ofte hope, whilſt life in *Sidney* remained
Of nothing can *I* now deſpaire, for nought can *I* hope for;
This good is in miſery, when great extremitie grieues vs,
That neither hope of good, nor feare of worſe can affright vs
And can *I* then complaine, whẽ no cõplaint can auaile me?
How can I ſeeme to be diſcontent, or what can I weepe for?
He liues eternall, with endleſſe glory bedecked:
Yea ſtill on earth he liues, & ſtill ſhall liue by the Muſes.

Another vpon the ſame.

What ſtrange aduenture? what now vnlook't for arriuall,
hath drawne the Muſes frõ ſweete *Beotia* mountaines,
To chuſe our country, to ſeeke in *London* abiding?
Are faire *Caſtalian* ſtreams dride? ſtands *Cyrrha* no longer?
Or loue the Muſes, like wantons oft to be changing?
Scarce can I that ſuppoſe, ſcarce think I thoſe to be Muſes.
No ſound of melody, no voice but drery lamenting:

Yet

Yet well I wot too well, Muſes moſt dolefully weeping.
Se where *Melpomene* ſits hid for ſhame in a corner. (trailes?
Heare ye the carefull ſighs, fetcht frō the depth of her en-
There weeps *Calliope*, there ſometimes luſty *Thaleia*.
Ay me! alas, now know I the cauſe, now ſeek I no further,
Here lies their glory, their hope, their only reioycing.
Dead lies worthy *Philip*, the care and praiſe of *Apollo*,
Dead lies his carkaſe, but fame ſhall liue to the worlds end.

Others vpon the ſame.

Whom can I firſt accuſe? whoſe fault accoūt I the greateſt?
Where kept the Muſes, what countries haunted *Apollo*?
Where loytred bloody *Mars*? where lingred worthy *Minerua*?
What could three Siſters doe more then nine in a combat?
Was force of no force? was faire entreaty refuſed?
Where is the Muſicke, that ſometimes moued *Alcſte*
That gain'd *Eurydice*, that left *Proſerpina* weeping;
Chooſe whether of the two you liſt, your skil to be nothing
Or your moſt faithfull ſeruants vnkindly rewarded.
And thou that braggeſt of skilfull ſurgery knowledge,
That canſt of Simples diſcerne the quality ſecret,
And giue fit plaiſters, for wounds that ſeeme to be cureleſſe,
Whereto auailes thy skill? that can not *Sidney* recouer,
And couldſt thou Whilome preuaile with deſtinie fatall?
For King *Admetus* gainſt courſe of naturall order,
And canſt doe nothing to ſaue ſo faithfull a ſeruant?
As for *Mars* well I wot, cold froſt of *Thracia* kingdome,
Hath kild all kindnes, no ruth of him can be lookt for:
And dainty *Pallas* diſdain'd for-ſooth to be preſent,
Enuie perhaps; nay greeſe as I geſſe, was cauſe of her abſēce.
Only we poore wretches, whom Gods & Muſes abandon,
Lament thy timeleſſe decay with ſorrowfull outcries,
But yet if hap ſome Muſe, would adde new grace to my ver- (ſes
Germany, *France*, *Italy*, *Spaine*, *Denmark*, *Perſia*, *Turkey*,
India where *Phœbus* climes from the ſea to the Skie-ward,

India

India where *Phœbus* declines from skie to the Sea-ward,
Tartary, *Pole*, *Lettow*, *Muscouy*, *Bohemia*, *Norway*,
All Coasts where rising or falling *Phœbus* appeereth,
Should heare, and wonder to heare thy glory resounded?
Armenian tigres enrag'd for theft of a yongling,
Princely Lions roaring, for want of prey to be starued,
Fierce Beares, & grunting wild Boares, vpon *Arcady* mount.
(taines,
Should stand astonisht, forgetting naturall of-spring,
Forgetting hunger, forgetting slaughter appoynted.
As when *Calliopes* deere sonne, sweete harmony singing,
Vnto the true consent of his Harpe-strings tuned in order,
Drew from their places wilde beasts & trees by the musick.
Swift-flowing *Hebrus* stai'd all his streames in a wonder,
As if chill coldnes frorne had them downe to the bottome.
But for *I* wote too well my slender skill to be nothing,
Here will I quite forsweare both Verse & Muse in an anger.
Least hap my rudenesse disgrace thy glory by praising.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,

To Time.

Eternall time, that wasteth without waste,
That art, and art not, dieft, and liueſt ſtill
Moſt ſlow of all, and yet of greateſt haſte,
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill.
How can I iuſtly praiſe thee, or diſpraiſe?
Darke are thy nights, but bright and cleare thy daies

Both free and ſcarce, thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt againe,
Thy wombe that all doth breede, is Tombe to all:
What ſo by thee hath life, by thee is ſtaine,
From thee do all things riſe, by thee they fall.
Conſtant, inconſtant, mouing, ſtanding ſtill,
Was, is, ſhall bee, do thee both breed and kill.

I looſe

Hooſe thee, while I ſeeke to finde thee out,
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faſter hold, the greater cauſe of doubt,
Was, is, I know, but ſhall, I cannot ſee.
All things by thee are meaſur'de, thou by none,
All are in thee, thou in thy ſelfe alone.

A Meditation vpon the frailty of this life.

O Trifling toyes that toſſe the braines,
While loathſome life doth laſt
O wiſhed wealth, O fugred ioyes,
O life when death is paſt:
Who loaths exchange of loſſe with gaine?
Yet loath we death as hell.
What wofull wight would wiſh his woe?
Yet wiſh we here to dwell.
O fancy fraile that feeds on earth,
And ſtayes on ſlipp'ry ioyes:
O noble minde, O happy man,
That can contemne ſuch toyes.

Such toyes as neither perfect are,
And can not long endure,
Our greateſt skill, our ſweeteſt ioy,
Vncertaine and vnſure.
For Life is ſhort and learning long,
All pleaſure mixt with woe;
Sicknes and ſleepe, ſteale time vnſeene,
And ioyes do come and goe.
Thus learning is but learn'd by halfes,
And ioy enioy'd no while,
That ſerues to ſhew thee what thou want'ſt,
This helpes thee to beguile,

But

But after death is perfect skill,
And ioy without decay,
When ſinne is gone that blinds our eies,
And ſteales our ioyes away.
No crowing Cock ſhall raiſe vs vp,
To ſpend the day in vaine,
No weary labour ſhall vs driue
To go to bed againe.
But for we feele not what we want,
Nor know not what we haue,
We loue to keepe the bodies life,
We loath the Soule to ſaue.

A Dialogue betweene the Soule and the Body.

Soule.

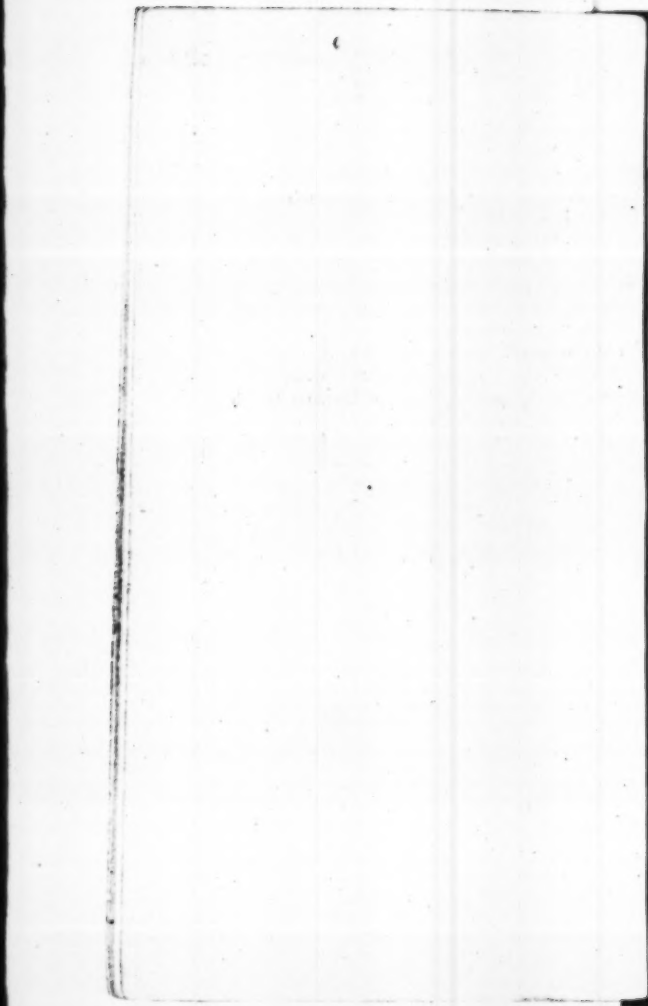
AY me, poore Soule, whom bound in ſinfull chaines,
This wretched body keepes againſt my will!
Body Aye me poore Body, whom for all my paines,
This froward Soule cauſleſſe condemneth ſtill.
Soule Cauſles? when as thou ſtriu'ſt to ſin each day?
Body Cauſles, when as *I* ſtriue thee to obay.
Soule Thou art the meanes, by which *I* fall to ſin,
Body Thou art the cauſe that ſet'ſt this meanes a worke.
Soule No part of thee that hath not faultie bin,
Body *I* ſhew the poyſon that in thee doth lurke.
Soule I ſhall be pure when ſo I parte from thee,
Bodie So were *I* now, but that thou ſtaineſt me.

Saphicks. Vpon the paſſion of Chriſt.

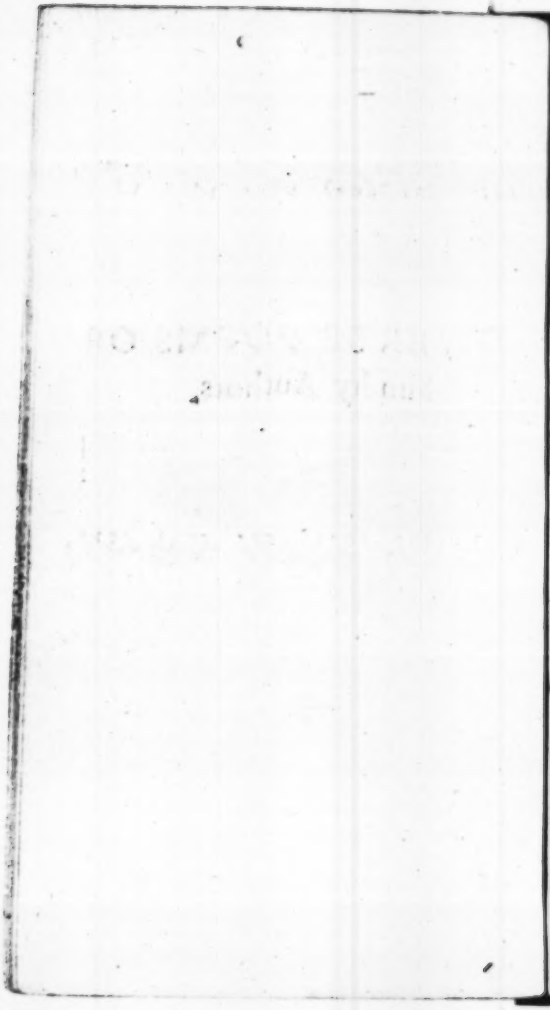
HAtred eternall, furious reuenging,
Mercileſſe raging, bloody perſecuting,
Sclanderous ſpeeches, odious reuilings,
Cauſleſſe abhorring;

Impi-

Impious ſcoffings by the very Abiects,
Dangerous threatning by the Prieſts annointed,
Death full of torment in a ſhamefull order,
Chriſt did abide here.
He that in glory was aboue the Angels,
Changed his glory for an earthly Carkaſſe,
Yeelded his glory to a ſinfull outcaſt,
Glory refuſing.
Me that in bondage many ſinnes retayned,
He for his goodnes, for his only goodnes,
Brought from hell-torments to the ioyes of heauen,
Not to be numbred.
Dead in offences, by his ayde reuiued,
Quickned in ſpirit, by the grace he yeeldeth,
Sound then his praiſes, to the worlds amazement,
Thankfully ſinging.



DIVERSE POEMS OF
Sundry Authors.



A Hymne in praiſe of Muſicke.

PRaiſe, Pleaſure, Profit, is that three-fould band,
Which ties mens minds more faſt then Gardions knot,
Each one ſome drawes, all three none can withſtand,
Of force conioyn'd, Conqueſt is hardly got
Then Muſicke may of harts a Monarke bee,
Wherein Praiſe, Pleaſure, Profit, ſo agree.

Praiſe-worthie Muſicke is, for God it praiſeth,
And pleaſant, for brute beaſts therein delight,
Great profit from it flowes, for why it raiſeth
The minde ouerwhelmed with rude paſſions might
When againſt reaſon paſſions fond rebell,
Muſicke doth that confirme, and theſe expell.

If Muſicke did not merit endleſſe praiſe,
Would heau'nly Spheres delight in ſiluer round?
If ioyous pleaſure were not in ſweet layes,
Would they in Court and Country ſo abound?
And profitable needs we muſt that call,
Which pleaſure linkt with praiſe doth bring to all.

Heroicke minds with praiſes moſt incited,
Seeke praiſe in Muſicke and therein excell;
God, Man, Beaſts, Birds, with Muſicke are delighted,
And pleſant t'is which pleaſeth all ſo well.
No greater profit is then Selfe content:
And this with Muſick bring, and care preuent.

When Antique Poets Muſicks praiſes tell,
They ſay it Beaſts did pleaſe, and ſtones did moue;
To proue more dull then ſtones, then beaſts more fell.
Thoſe men, which pleaſing Muſicke did not loue.
They fain'd, it Cities built, and ſtates defended
To ſhew the profite great on it depended.

Sweet birds (poore mens Muſitians neuer ſlake,
To ſing ſweet Muſicke praiſes day and night;
The dying Swans in Muſicke pleaſure take,
To ſhew, that it the dying can delight;
In ſickneſs, health, peace, warre, we do it need,
Which proues, ſweet Muſicks profit doth exceed.

But I, by niggard prayſing, do diſpraiſe
Praiſe-worthie Muſicke in my worthleſſe Rime;
Ne can the pleaſing profit of ſweet laies,
Any ſaue learned Muſes well define.
Yet all by theſe rude lines may clearly ſee,
Praiſe, Pleaſure, Profite, in ſweet Muſicke bee.

I. D.

Ten Sonnets to Philomel.

SONNET I.

Vpon Loues entring by his Eares.

OFt did I heare, our Eyes the paſſage were,
By which Loue entred to aſſaile our hearts
Therefore I guarded them, and void of feare
Neglected the defence of other parts.
Loue knowing this, the vſuall way forſooke:
And ſeeking, found a by-way by mine Eare:
At which he entring, my Hart priſ'ner tooke,
And vnto thee ſweet *Philomel* did beare.
Yet let my harte, by hart to pitty mooue,
Whoſe paine is great, although ſmall fault appeare
Firſt it lies bound in fettering chaines of Loue,
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.
And with loues flames tis euermore conſumed,
Only becauſe to loue thee it preſumed.

Son-

SONNET II

O Why did fame my Hart to Loue betray,
By telling my Deares vertue and perfection,
Why did my Traytor Eares to it conuay,
That Syren-ſong cauſe of my harts infection,
Had *I* bene deafe, or Fame her gifts concealed
Then had my hart been free frō hopeleſſe Loue,
Or were my ſtate likewiſe by it reueiled,
Well might it *Philomel* to pitty moue.
Then ſhould ſhe know how Loue doth make me languiſh,
Diſtracting me twixt hope and dreadfull feare:
Then ſhould ſhe know my care, my plaints and anguiſh
All which for her deere ſake *I* meekely beare.
Yea I could quietly Deaths paines abide,
So that ſhee knew that for her ſake I dide.

SONNET III..

Of his woue, and of his Miſtris ſickneſſe at one time.

SIckneſſe enrending my Loue to betray,
Before *I* ſhould ſight of my Deare obtaine:
Did his pale collours in my face diſplay,
Leſt that my fauour might her fauour gaine.
Yet not content herewith, like meanes it wrought,
My *Philomels* bright beauty to deface:
And Natures glory to diſgrace it ſought,
That by conceiued Loue it might diſplace.
But my firme Loue could this aſſault well beare,
Which Vertue had not beauty for his ground:
And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare,
Through ſicknes vail, which made my loue abound
If ſicke (thought I) her beautie ſo excell,
How matchleſſe would it be if ſhe were well?

SONNET IIII.

Another of her Sickneſſe and Recouery.

PAle Death himſelfe did loue my *Philomell*,
When he her vertues and rare beautie ſaw;
Therefore he ſickneſſe ſent; which ſhould expell,
His Riuall life, and my Deere to him draw.
But her bright Beauty dazeled ſo his Eies,
That his dart life did miſſe, though her it hit;
Yet not therewith content, new meanes he tries,
To bring her vnto Death, and make life flit.
But Nature ſoone perceiuing, that he meant
To ſpoyle her only *Phœnix*, her chiefe pride;
Aſſembled all her force, and did preuent
The greateſt miſchiefe that could her betide.
So both our liues and loues Nature defended,
For had ſhe di'de, my loue and life had ended.

SONNET. V.

Alluſion to Theſeus voyage to Creete, againſt the Minotaure.

MY Loue is ſayl'd, againſt diſlike to fight,
Which like vild monſter, threatens his decay;
The ſhip is Hope, which by Deſires great might,
Is ſwiftly borne towards the wiſhed Bay:
The company which with my Loue doth fare,
(Though met in one) is a diſſenting crew;
They are Joy, Griefe, and neuer-ſleeping Care,
And doubt which ne'r beleeues good newes for true,
Black feare the Flag is, which my ſhip doth beare,
VVhich (Deere) take downe, if my Loue victor be;
And let white Comfort in his place appeare,
VVhen Loue victoriouſly returnes to me,
Leſt I from rocke Deſpaire come tumbling downe,
And in a Sea of teares be forc't to drowne.

SON-

SONNET VI

Vpon her looking ſecretly out at a window as he paſſed by.

ONce did my *Philomel* reflect on me,
Her Chriſtall pointed Eies as *I* paſt by:
Thinking not to bee ſeene, yet would me ſee;
But ſoone my hungry Eies their food did ſpy.
Alas, my deere couldſt thou ſuppoſe, that face
VVhich needs not enuy *Phœbus* chiefeſt pride,
Could ſecret be, although in ſecret place,
And that tranſparant glaſſe ſuch beames could hide?
But if *I* had been blind yet Loues hot flame,
Kindled in my poore hart by thy bright Eye,
Did plainly ſhew when it ſo neere thee came,
By more the vſuall heate then cauſe was nie;
So though thou hidden wert, my hart and Eye
Did turne to thee by mer'uaill *Sympathy*.

SONNET VII.

WHen time nor place would let me often view
Natures chiefe Mirror, and my ſole delight;
Her liuely picture in my hart I drew,
That I might it behold both day and night.
But ſhe, like *Philips* Son, ſcorning that I
Should portraiture, which wanting *Apelles* Art,
Commanded Loue (who nought dare her deny)
To burne the picture which was in my hart.
The more Loue burn'd the more her picture ſhin'd;
The more it ſhin'd, the more my hart did burne:
So what to hurt her Picture was aſſign'd,
To my harts ruine and decay did turne.
Loue could not burne the Saint, it was diuine,
And therfore fir'd my hart, the Saints poore ſhrine.

SONNET VIII.

WHen as the Sun eclipſed, is ſome ſay,
It thunder, lighening, raine, and winde portendeth
And not vnlike but ſuch things happen may,
Sith like effects my Sun eclipſed ſendeth.
Witnes my throat made hoarſe with thondring cries,
And hart with Loues hot flaſhing lightnings fired,
Witnes the ſhowers which ſtill fall from mine eies,
And breſt with ſighs like ſtormy winds neare riued.
Shine then once againe ſweet Sun on me,
And with thy beames diſſolue clouds of diſpaire
Whereof theſe raging Meteors framed be,
In my poore hart by abſence of my faire,
So ſhalt thou proue thy beames, thy heate, thy light,
To match the Sun in glory, grace and might.

SONNET. IX.

Vpon ſending her a Gold Ring, with this Poſie, Pure and Endleſſe.

IF you would know the Loue which I you beare,
Compare it to Ring which your faire hand
Shall make more precious, when you ſhall it weare:
So my Loues Nature you ſhall vnderſtand
Is it of mettall pure? ſo you ſhall proue
My Loue, which ne're diſloyal thought did ſtain,
Hath it no end? ſo endles is my Loue,
Vnleſſe you it deſtroy with your diſdaine.
Doth it the purer waxe the more tis tride?
So doth my Loue; yet herein they diſſent,
That whereas Gold the more t'is puriſide,
By waxing leſſe, doth ſhew ſome part is ſpent,
My Loue doth wax more pure by your more trying
And yet encreaſeth in the purifying.

SON-

SONNET X.

MY Cruell Deere hauing captiuate my hart,
And bound it faſt in Chaines of reſtleſſe Loue
Requires it out of bondage to depart,
Yet is ſhe ſure from her it cannot moue.
Draw back (ſaid ſhe) your hopeleſſe loue from me,
Your worth requires a far more worthy place.
Vnto your ſute though I cannot agree
Full many will it louingly embrace,
It may be ſo (my deere) but as the Sun
When it appeares doth make the ſtars to vaniſh:
So when your ſelfe into my thoughts do run,
All others quite out of my hart you baniſh.
The beames of your Perfections ſhine ſo bright,
That ſtraight-way they diſpell all others light.

I. D.

A Hymne in praiſe of Neptune.

OF *Neptunes* Empire let vs ſing,
At whoſe command the waues obaie;
To whom the Riuers tribute paie,
Downe the high mountaines ſliding
To whom the ſcalie Nation yeelds
Homage for the Chriſtall fields
Wherein they dwell.
And euery Sea-god paies a Iem,
Yeerelie out of his watrie Cell,
To decke great *Neptunes* Diadem.

The *Tritons* dauncing in a ring,
Before his Pallace gates do make
The water with their Ecchoes quake,
Like the great thunder ſounding:
The Sea-*Nimphs* chaunt their accents ſhrill,

And the *Syrens* taught to kill
With their ſweet voyces
Make eu'ry ecchoing Rocke reply,
Vnto their gentle murmuring noiſe,
The praiſe of *Neptunes* Empery.

Th. Campion.

This Hymne was ſung by Amphitryte, Thamesis, and other Sea-Nimphs in Graies-Inne Maske, at the Court. 1594.

Of his Miſtreſſes face.

AND would you ſee my miſtreſſe face?
It is a flowry Garden place:
Where knots of beauty haue ſuch grace,
That all is worke, and no where ſpace.

It is a ſweet delitious Morne,
Where day is breeding, neuer borne:
It is a Meadow yet vnſhorne,
Which thouſand flowers do adorne.

It is the Heauens bright reflexe,
Weake eyes to dazle and to vexe:
It is th'*Idæa* of her ſex,
Enuie of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that ſmiles,
Pleaſing, though it kill the whiles:
Where death and Loue in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is faire Beauties freſheſt youth,
It is the faind *Elizium* truth;
The ſpring that wintred hearts reneu'th,
And this is that my Soule purſu'th.

Vpon

Vpon her Paleneſſe.

BLame not my cheeks, though pale with loue they be,
The kindly heate into my hart is flowne:
To cheriſh it that is diſmaid by thee,
Who art ſo cruell and vnſtedfaſt growne.
For Nature cal'd for by diſtreſſed harts,
Neglects, and quite forſakes the outward partes.

But they whoſe cheekes with careleſſe blood are ſtain'd,
Nurſe not one ſparke of Loue with their harts,
And when they woo, they ſpeake with paſſion faind,
For their fat Loue lies in their outward parts.
But in their breſts where loue his court ſhould hold,
Poore *Cupid* ſits, and blowes his nailes for cold.

Tho: Campion.

Of Corinnaes *ſinging.*

WHen to her Lute *Corinna* ſings,
Her voice reuiues the leaden ſtrings,
And doth in higheſt notes appeere,
As any challeng'd Eccho cleere.
But when ſhe doth of mourning ſpeake,
Eu'n with her ſighes the ſtrings do breake.

And as her Lute doth liue or die,
Led by her paſſions, ſo muſt I.
For when of pleaſure ſhe doth ſing,
My thoughts enioy a ſodaine ſpring.
But if ſhe doe of ſorrow ſpeake,
Eu'n from my hart the ſtrings doe breake.

Th: Campion.

A Dialogue betwixt the Louer and his Lady.

LAdy, my flame ſtill burning,
And my conſuming anguiſh,
Doth grow ſo great, that life I feele to languiſh,
Then let your Hart be moued,
To end my greefe and yours, ſo long time proued.
And quench the heate that my cheefe parte ſo fireth,
Yeelding the fruit that faithfull loue requireth.

Her Anſwere.

SWeete Lord, your flame ſtill burning,
And your conſuming anguiſh,
Cannot be more than mine, in which I languiſh,
Nor more your Hart is moued,
To end your greefe and mine ſo long time proued.
But if I yeelde, and ſo your loue decreaſeth,
Then I my Louer looſe, and your loue ceaſeth.

Ignoto.

An Elegie.

O Faithleſſe World, and thy moſt faithleſſe part.
A Womans Harte:
The true Shop of variety, where ſits,
Nothing but ſits,
And feauers of Deſire, and pangs of Loue,
Which toyes remoue.
Why was ſhe borne to pleaſe, or I to truſt
Words writ in Duſt?
Suffring her eyes to gouerne my Deſpaire,
My paine for Aire,
And fruit of time rewarded with vntruth,
The foode of youth.

Vntrue

Vntrue ſhe was, yet *I* beliefd her eyes,
Inſtructed ſpies,
Till *I* was taught, that Loue was but a Schoole
To breede a foole.
Or ſought ſhe more then triumphs of deniall,
To ſee a tryall,
How farre her ſmiles commanded my weakneſſe?
Yeelde and confeſſe:
Excuſe not now thy folly, nor her Nature;
Bluſh and endure
Alwell thy ſhame, as paſſions that were vaine,
And thinke thy gaine,
To know that Loue, lodg'd in a Womans Breſt
Is but a Gheſt.

H. W.

COnceipt begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly borne, and quickly dies:
For while it ſeekes our harts to haue,
Meane while their *Reaſon* makes his graue:
For many things the eyes approue,
Which yet the hart doth ſeldome loue.

For as the ſeeds in ſpring time ſowne,
Die in the ground ere they be growne,
Such is conceipt, whoſe rooting failes,
As childe that in the cradle quailes,
Or elſe within the Mothers wombe,
Hath his beginning, and his tombe.

Affection followes Fortunes wheele;
And ſoone is ſhaken from her heeles,
For following beauty or eſtate,
Her liking ſtill is turn'd to hate.
For all affections haue their change,
And fancie only, loues to range.

Deſire

Desire himselfe runs out of breath,
And getting, doth but gaine his death,
Desire, nor reason hath, nor rest.
And blinde doth seldome chuse the best,
Desire attain'd is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As shippes in ports desir'd are drownd,
As fruit once ripe, then falles to ground,
As flies that seeke for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought:
So fond Desire when it attaines,
The life expires, the woe remaines.

And yet some Poets faine would proue,
Affection to be perfect loue,
And that Desire is of that kinde,
No lesse a passion of the minde.
As if wilde beasts and men did seeke,
To like, to loue, to chuse alike.

W. R.

MADRIGAL.

FAustina hath the fairer face,
And Phillida the better grace,
Both haue mine eie enriched,
This sings full sweetly with her voice,
Her fingers make as sweete a noise,
Both haue mine eare bewitched.
Ay me! sith Fates haue so prouided,
My hart (alas) must be diuided.

To

To his Ladies Garden, being abſent farre from her.

GArden more then *Edens* bleſſed,
Art thou thus to haue thy bowers,
Free'd from winter, and ſtill dreſſed
With her faces neau'r-ſet flowers?

Happy too are thoſe thy Allies,
Where her faire feete deigne to tred,
Which departing Earths low Vallies,
Shall the Milky way be led.

Thy Trees whoſe Armes her embraced,
and whoſe fruit her lips do kiſſe,
In whoſe vertuous minde well placed
The rare Tree of knowledge is.

Happy are, So thy Birds be,
Whom ſhe taught to ſing by Art,
Who in heauenly harmony
With the Angels beares a part:

Happy, bleſt, and fortunate,
Bowers, Allies Trees, and Burds,
But my moſt vnhappy ſtate,
Farre ſurmounts all reach of words.

Vpon his Ladies Sickneſſe of the ſmall Pocks.

CRuell and vnpartiall Sickneſſe,
Sword of that Arch-Monarke Death,
That ſubdues all ſtrength by weakneſſe,
Whom all Kings pay tribute breath.

Are not these thy steps I tracke,
In the pure snow of her face,
When thou didst attempt to sacke
Her liues fortresse and it rase?

Th'heauenly Honny thou didst sucke,
From her Rose cheeks might suffice,
Why then didst thou mar and plucke
Those deere flowers of rarest price?

Meant'st thou thy Lord to present
With those rich spoyles and adorne,
Leauing me them to lament,
And in Iukes black teares thus mourne?

No:Ile in my Bosome weare them,
And close lock them in my hart:
Thence,nor time,nor death,shall beare them
Till I from my selfe doe part.

Th: Spilman.

A Reporting Sonnet.

HEr Face, her Tong,her Wit, so faire,so sweete,so sharpe,
First bet,the drew,now hit,mine eie,mine eare,my harte
Mine eie, mine Eare, my Hart,to like, to learne, to loue,
Her face,her tong,her wit, doth lead, doth teach, doth moue
Her face,her tong,her wit,with beames,with sodd with Art,
Doth blinde,doth charme,doth rule, mine eie,mine Eare,
(my Hart,
Mine eie,mine eare,my hart,with life,with hope,with skil,
Her face,her tong,her wit,doth feede, doth feast, doth filk
O face,O tong,O wit,with frownes,with checks,with smarts
Wring not,vex not,would not,mine eie,mine eare,my hart,
This eie,this eare,this hart,shall ioy,shall bind shall sweare,
Your face,your tongue,your wit,to serue,to loue,to feare.

So &

SONNET.

ONly (ſweete loue) afford me but thy hart,
Then cloſe thine eies within their ivory couers
That they to me no beame of light impart,
although they ſhine on all thy other Louers.
As for thy lip of ruby, cheeke of roſe,
Though I haue kiſt them oft with ſweet content
I am content that ſweete content to loſe,
If thy ſweete Will will bar me, I aſſent.
Let me not touch thy hand, but through thy glous
Nor let it be the pledge of kindnes more:
Keepe all thy beauties to thy ſelfe, ſweet loue,
I aske not ſuch bold fauours as before.
I beg but this, afforde me but thy hart,
For then I know thou wilt the reſt impart.

ODE.

ABſence, heare thou my Proteſtation,
Againſt thy ſtrength,
Diſtance, and length;
Do what you can for alteration,
For harts of trueſt mettle,
Abſence doth ioyne, and Time doth ſettle.

Who loues a Miſtris of ſuch qualitie,
He ſoone hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To harts that cannot vary,
Abſence is preſent, Time doth tary.

My

My Sences want their outward motions,
Which now within
Reaſon doth win,
Redoubled in her ſecret notions:
Like rich men that take pleaſure,
In hiding, more then handling Treaſure.

By abſence, this good meanes *I* gaine,
That *I* can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In ſome cloſe corner of my braine,
There *I* embrace and kiſſe her,
And ſo I both enioy and miſſe her.

The true Loues knot.

LOue is the linke, the knot, the bande of vnitie,
and all that loue, do loue with their belou'd to be:
Loue only did decree,
To change his kind in me.
For though I lou'd with all the powers of my minde,
And though my reſtles thoughts, their reſt in her did finde:
Yet are my hopes declinde,
Sith ſhe is moſt vnkinde.
For ſince her beauties ſun my fruitles hope did breede
By abſence from that ſun, I hop'd to ſterue that weede,
Though abſence did indeede
My hopes not ſterue, but feede.
For when *I* ſhift my place, like to the ſtricken deere,
I cannot ſhift the ſhaft, which in my ſide *I* beare:
Ay me it reſteth there
The cauſe is not elſewhere.
So haue I ſeene the ſick to turne and turne againe,
As if that outward change, could eaſe his inward paine,
But ſtill alas in vaine,
the fit doth ſtill remaine.

Yet

Yet goodnes is the ſpring from whence this ill doth grow,
For goodnes cauſde the loue, which great reſpect did owe:
Reſpect true loue did ſhow,
True loue thus wrought my woe.

Ignoto.

SONNET.

BEſt pleas'd ſhe is, when Loue is moſt expreſt,
And ſometime ſaies that Loue ſhould be requited;
Yet is ſhe griev'd my loue ſhould now be righted,
When that my faith hath prou'd what I proteſt.
Am I belou'd whoſe hart is thus oppreſt?
Or deere to her, and not in her delighted:
I liue to ſee the Sun, yet ſtill benighted,
By her deſpaire is blamde, and hope ſuppreſt.
She ſtill denies, yet ſtill her hart conſenteth,
She grants me all, but that which I deſire;
She fuell ſends, but bids me leaue the fire,
She lets me die, and yet my death lamenteth.
O fooliſh Loue, by reaſon of thy blindnes,
I die for want of Loue, yet kild with kindnes.

SONNET.

WHen a weake Child is ſicke, and out of quiet,
And for his tendernes can not ſuſtaine
Phiſicke of equall ſtrength, vnto his paine
Phiſitions to the Nurſe preſcribe a Diet.
O I am ſicke, and in my ſickneſſe weake,
And through my weakneſſe dead; if I but take
The pleaſanteſt receipt that Arte can make,
Or if I heare but my Phiſition ſpeake,
But ah (fayre God of Phiſick) it may be,

But

But Phisick to my Nurse would me recouer,
She whome *I* loue with beautie nurseth me,
But with a bitter mixture kils her Louer.
Yet I assure my selfe, I should not die,
If she were purged of her crueltie.

SONNET.

WEre *I* as base as is the lowly plaine,
And you (my Loue) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swaine,
ascend to Heauen, in honour of my Loue.
Were *I* as hight as Heau'n aboue the playne,
and you (my Loue) as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the Mayne,
Wher soere you were, with you my loue should go.
Were you the Earth (dere Loue) and I the skies,
My loue should shine on you like to the Sun,
and looke vpon you with ten thousand eies,
Till heau'n wax't blind, and till the world were dũ.
Where so'ere *I* am, below, or else aboue you,
Wherso'ere you are, my hart shal truly loue you.

I. S.

MADRIGAL.

MY Loue in her attyre doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For euery season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer,
No Beautie she doth misse,
When all her Robes are on:
But Beauties selfe she is,
When all her Robes are gone.

A Poeme.

When I to you of all my woes complaine,
Which you make me endure without releaſe
With ſcornefull ſmiles you anſwere me againe,
That Louers true muſt beare & hold their peace.
Deere I will beare, and hold my peace if you,
Will hold your peace, & beare what I ſhall do.

F. D.

Sonnet.

The Poets fayne that when the world began,
Both ſexes in one body did remaine;
Till *Ioue* (offended with this double man)
Cauſd *Vulcan* to diuide him into twaine,
In this diuiſion, he the hart did ſeuer,
But cunningly he did indent the hart,
That if there were a reuniting euer, (part.
Each part might know which was his counter-
See then (deere Loue) th'indenture of my hart,
And reade the Couenants writ with holy firet
See (if your hart be not the counterpart,
Of my true harts indented chaſt deſire.)
And if it be, ſo may it euer be,
Two harts in one, twixt you my Loue and me.

I. S.

An inuectiue againſt Women.

Are women faire? I wondrous faire to ſee too,
Are women ſweet? Yea paſſing ſweet they be to
Moſt faire and ſweet to them that inlie loue them,
Chaſte & diſcreet to all, ſaue thoſe that proue the.

Are women wiſe? Not wiſe but they be witty,
Are women witty? Yea, the more the pitty:

Po-

They

They are ſo witty, and in wit ſo wily,
That be[illegible] ne're ſo wiſe, they will beguile ye.

Are Women fooles? Not fooles, but fondlings many,
Can women fond be faithfull vnto any?
When ſnow-white ſwans do turne to colour ſable,
Then women fond will be both firme and ſtable.

Are women Saints? No Saints, nor yet no Diuels,
Are women good? Not good, but needfull euils.
So Angel-like, that Diuels I do not doubt them;
So needfull ills, that few can liue without them.

Are women proud? I paſſing proud, and praiſe them,
Are women kind? I wondrous kinde and pleaſe them:
Or ſo imperious, no man can indure them;
Or ſo kinde-harted, any may procure them.

Ignoto.

An Elegie in Trimeter Lambicks.

Vnhappy Verſe! the witnes of my vnhappy ſtate,
Make thy ſelfe fluttring wings of thy faſt flying thoughts,
And fly forth vnto my Loue, where ſoeuer ſhe be.

Whether lying reſtleſſe in heauy bed, or elſe
Sitting ſo cheereleſſe at the cheerefull boord, or elſe
Playing alone careleſſe on her heau'nly Virginals.

If in Bed, tell her that mine eies can take no reſt:
If at Board, tell her that my mouth can taſte no foode:
If at her Virginals, tell her *I* can heare no mirth.

asked why, ſay waking Loue ſuffereth no ſleepe:

Say

Say that raging Loue doth appall the weake ſtomack?
Say that lamenting Loue marreth the Muſicall.

Tell her, that her pleaſures were wont to lul me a ſleepe,
Tell her, that her beautie was wont to feede mine eies,
Tell her, that her ſweete tongue was wont to make me (mirth.
Now do I nightly waſte, wanting my kindly reſt:
Now doe I daily ſtarue, wanting my liuely foode:
Now do I alwaies die, wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waſte, who will bewaile my heauy chance?
And if I ſtarue, who will record my curſed end?
And if I die, who will ſay, this was *Immerito*?

Edmund Spenser.

SONNET.

MIne eie with all the deadly ſinnes is fraught,
1. Firſt *Pride*, ſith it preſum'd to looke ſo hie
a watchman being made, ſtood gazing by,
2. and *Idle*, tooke no heede till *I* was caught:
3. And *Enuious* beares enuy that my thought
ſhould in his abſence be to her ſo nie:
4. to kill my hart, mine eye let in her eie,
and ſo conſent gaue to a *murther* wrought:
5. And *Couetous*, it neuer would remoue
from her faire haire, gold ſo doth pleaſe his ſight.
6. *Vnchaſte*, a bawde betweene my hart and loue,
7. a *Glutton* eye, with teares drunke euery night.
Theſe ſinnes procured haue a Goddeſſe ire:
Wherefore my hart is damn'd in Loues ſweete fire.

H. C.

SONNET.

To two most Honorable and vertuous Ladies and Sisters, the Ladie Margaret *Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady* Anne *Countesse of Warwicke,*

YEe Sister-Muses, do not ye repine,
That I *two* Sisters doe with *nine* compare,
Since each of these is farre morely rare,
Then the whole Troope of all the heau'nly *nine*.
But if ye aske me which is more diuine,
I answere, like to their twinne-eies they are,
Of which, each is more bright thē brightest star,
Yet neither doth more bright than other shine.
Sisters of spotlesse fame, of whom alone
Malicious tongues take pleasure to speak well,
How should *I* one commend, sith either one
All things in heau'n and earth so farre excell?
The onely praise *I* can you giue, is this,
That One of you, like to the Other is.

H. C.

ODE.

Of Cinthia.

THe Ancient Readers of Heauens Booke,
Which with curious eye did looke
Into Natures story;
All things vnder *Cynthia* tooke
To be transitory.

Then

This the learned only knew,
But now all men finde it true,
Cynthia is descended,
With bright beames, and heauenly hew,
And lesser starres attended.

Lands and Seas she rules below,
Where things change, and ebbe, & flowe,
Spring, waxe olde, and perish:
Only Time which all doth mowe,
her alone doth cherish.

Times yong howres attend her still,
And her Eies and Cheekes do fill
With fresh youth and beauties,
All her louers olde do grow,
But their harmes, they do not so
In their Loue and duety.

This Song was sung before her sacred Maiestie as a shew on horsebacke, wherewith the right Honourable the Earle of Comberland presented her Highnesse on Maie day last.

Who giues a gift to binde a friend thereby,
Doth set or put his gift to vsery.
And he that giues a gift that is not free,
Giue where he list, so that he giue not me.
For bought and sold is friendship strange,
Who liues by selling liues by change.
And he that loues to change his friend,
Will turne to nothing in the end.

A.W.

The

The Anatomie of Loue.

NOw what is Loue, I pray thee tell?
It is that Fountaine and that Well,
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that sounding Bell,
That tolls all in, to heauen or hell;
And this is Loue, as I heare tell.

Now what is Loue, I preth thee say?
It is a worke on holy day;
It is December matchd with May
When lusty bloods in fresh array:
Heare ten months after of their play:
And this is Loue, as I heare say.

Now what is Loue, I preth thee sayne?
It is a sunne shine mixt with Raine,
It is a gentle pleasing paine;
A flower that dies and springs againe:
It is in faith that Would full fayne,
And this is Loue, and not a stayne.

Yet what is loue I preth thee say?
It is a pretty shaddow way,
As well found out by night as day,
It is a thing will soone decay
Then take the vantage while you may,
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Now what is Loue, I preth thee show?
A thing that creeps and cannot goe.
A Prize that passeth too and froe
A thing for one a thing for moe.
And he that proues shall find it soe
And this is some sweet friend I trow.

In

In vaine I liue, ſith ſorrow liues in me,
In vaine liues ſorrow, ſince by her I liue,
Life workes in vaine, where Death will Maiſter be,
Death ſtriues in vaine where life doth vertue giue,
Thus each of vs would worke an others woe,
And hurts him ſelfe in vaine, and helpes his foe.

A Poeme.

If wrong by force had Iuſtice put to flight,
Yet were there hope ſhe might returne againe,
If lawleſſe warre had ſhut her vp from ſight,
Yet lawfull peace might ſoone reſtore her traine.
But now alas, what hope of hope is left?
When wrongfull death hath her of life bereft?
The Sun that often falls, doth often riſe.
The Moone that waineth, waxeth full with light:
But he that death in chaines of darkneſſe ties,
Can neuer breake the bands of laſting night,
What then remaines but teares of loſſe to waile,
In which all hope of mortall helpe doth faile?
Who then ſhall weepe? nay who ſhall teares refraine?
If common harmes muſt moue the mindes of all.
To few are found that wrongfull harts reſtraine,
And of too few, too many Death doth call
Theſe common harmes I wail among the reſt,
But priuat loſſe denies to be expreſt.

IF Stepdame Nature haue beene ſcant,
In dealing Beauties gifts to mee;
My wit ſhall helpe ſupply that want,
And ſkill in ſtead of ſhape ſhall bee.
My ſtature I confeſſe is ſmall,
And therefore will I boaſt of warre:
My name ſhall fill the Heauens and all,
This skin ſhall ſerue to hide that skar.
My heade to beare the Helme vnfit,
My hands vnapt to murther men;
But little heads oft hold much wit,
And feeble hands can guide a pen.

Death is my doome, awarded by disdaine,
A lingring death that will not let me dye,
This length of life is lengthning of my paine,
And length of paine gets strength of paine ther eby:
And strength of paine, makes paine of lenger last,
Ah who hath tyde my life to paine so fast.

And yet I seeme, as if I did but faine,
Or make my greefe much greater then I need,
When as the care to hide my burning paine,
With secret sighes, constraines my hart to bleed.
Yet well I wote, be kild I shall not be,
Anull by death a proofe hereof you see.

But if this lodge, the witnes of my woe,
Whose stony walls enteard my plaints contain
Had sence to feele and tongue my paine to show,
Which hee inclosd, I vtter all in vaine,
You soone should know that most I make my mone,
Alone, if he that loues can be alone.

VVhy should I seeke to make my shame be knowne,
That foolish loue is causer of my paine,
(Forgiue me Loue) the speech is not mine owne,
But so they speake that thee and thine disdaine.
And I my selfe confesse my skill to small,
To pleade for loue, and cleere my selfe withall.

VVhat reason can my simple wit deuise,
VVhy bootlesse greefe should thus my minde afflict,
I loue the thoughts, that loue it selfe despise.
I seeke for that I neuer looke to finde.
Oft haue I heard, or which I thinke I dye,
Thine angry tongue all kinde of loue defye.

Yet is my life vpon thy promise staid,

By which thou haſt aſſur'd me of thy loue;
And though thereby my heate be not allayd,
No ſtay o' flight, where gaine is ſtill aboue.
Yet ſince thy hart can yeeld to loue no more,
I reſt content, although I die therefore.

Quis deus oppoſuit noſtris ſua numina votis,

Though late my hart, yet turne at laſt,
And ſhape thy courſe another way,
Tis better looſe thy labour paſt,
Then follow on to ſure decay.
VVhat though thou long haue ſtraid awry?
In hope of grace for mercie cry.

Though waight of ſinne doth preſſe thee downe,
And keepe thee grou'ling on the ground,
Though black deſpaire, with angry frowne,
Thy wit and iudgment quite confound,
Though time and wit haue beene miſpent,
Yet Grace is left if thou repent.

VVeepe then my hart, weepe ſtill and ſtill,
Nay melt to flouds of flowing teares,
Send out ſuch ſhrieks as heau'n may fill,
And pierce thine angry Iudges eares,
And let thy ſoule that harbours ſin,
Bleede ſtreames of blood to drowne it in.

Then ſhall thine angry Iudges face,
To cheerefull looke it ſelfe apply,
Then ſhall thy ſoule be fild with grace,
And feare of death conſtraind to fly.
Euen ſo my God: oh when? how long?
I would, but Sin is too too ſtrong.

I ſtriue to riſe, Sin keepes me downe,
I fly from Sin, Sinne followes me.
My will doth reach at glories crowne,
Weake is my ſtrength it will not be.
See how my fainting ſoule doth pant,
O let thy ſtrength ſupply my want.

A W.

FINIS.